





MISS MAMIE KNICKERBOCKER

# DEDICATION

With hearts that are loving and grateful, For the help that smoothed the way Through the four years of our high school course, For the years of labor in our interests, For the wealth of knowledge firmly fixed, For assistance of more than academic value, The members of 1920 dedicate this book to one Who has been more than an instructor, One who impartially aided or chided, Whose square discipline earned countless friends, And whose friend every member of this class Will always be proud to be—

MISS MAMIE KNICKERBOCKER.



# ANNUAL BOARD

Edwin Smith  Editor-in-Chief	Helen Hauprick Asst, Editor-in-Chief	Roswell Johnson Athletic Editor	Mr. E. A. Spaulding Faculty Supervisor
Harmon Ward Business Manager	Ethel Larson Art Editor	William Phillips Organizations Editor	Miss Lilian Brownfield Literary Supervisor
Gladys Daniel  Literary Editor	Ardath Ralph	Mary O'Hara Joke Editor	Mr. N. P. Richardson  Treasurer
Martha Hammond Society Editor	Arthur Travers  Asst. Art Editor	Harry Steiner  Asst. Business Mgr.	Miss Ida A. Lull  Art Supervisor

Gilbert Greenberg

Joke Editor



SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM A. WIRT, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.



ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE W. SWARTZ, Ph. B.



PRINCIPAL E. A. SPAULDING, B. S.







# FACULTY LIST

English.

Lilian B. Brownfield Mabel Jacoby Lydia A. Sembach Leah Graves

Mathematics

Mary Kinnard Minnie Talbot Verna Hoke

Hilda Stimson Garner

Mahel Keller Marie Johnson

Tunewriting Edith Conver

Drawina

Ida Lull

H. A. Thorell Spanish

French. Bertha Child Lulu Pickard

Rotany

Cora Snyder

Forge Shop

Drafting

O. N. Yeager

Expression

Louise Lynch Chemistry

Jesse Warrum Sewing

Leora Sherer

Cooking Ethel Nice

Mamie Knickerbocker Henrietta Newton Cordelia Keeler

History

Latin Emma Peters

Uoologu Ross Grubbs

Machine Shop

Arline Heimburg

Helen Gass

M. McEllhiney

Commercial

John White

Physics

Harvey Waite

Penmanship Clara Stephens

Physical Training

Ralph Brasaemle

L. A. Erickson Erna Bruns

Music

Melvin E. Snyder Violet Viant

PrimaryNell Cary

Margaret Stanley Margaret Angell Lola Pearcy

Auditorium

N. P. Richardson Margaret D, Paul

Continuation School Lura Lee Bailey

Thirteen

Animal Husbandry M. B. Shirley







SHERWOOD JUDSON

He was the 'andsome 'ero of the S. E. C. play and a very fine hero he made. Sherwood is our chief orator, too, and his rebuttal in the Froebel-Emerson debate practically saved the day.

Class President '20. S. E. C. Play. Senior Play, Football '19, '20. Oratorical Contest '20.

GLADYS DANIEL.

The little lady from Elwood has won all our hearts with her charming ways and her gay smile. We wonder now how we ever got along without her.

S. C. Plax. Senior Plax. Minstrels 20. Annual Board.

HARMON WARD

Herman left us singing "Good-bye forever!" but in about a year he returned. Probably realized how fine a class we are. He has met with a warm welcome—from Junior and Senior cities especially.

Track '18, '20. Minstrels '20. Student Council '18. Chorus '18, '20. Business Mgr. of Annual, 20.

### GLADYS HANCOCK

Gladys, as everybody knows, is one of our star athletes and has won two tennis pins. Wonder why they call her "Temper".

Athletic Asociation '17, '18. Hockey '17, '18, '20. Baskethall '17, '18, '20. Chorus '19. Minstrels '20.

#### FDWIN SMITH

For one who seems rather indolent, Ed has accomplished a surprising number of things. Not least among his tasks was the successful editing of the Annual at a time when unusual difficulties were encountered. One of our athletes.

Class President 18. Football '18, '19, '20. Basketball '18, '19, '20. Senior Play. S. E. C. Play. Minstrels 19, '20.

#### BERNICE WILSON

Bernice is a girl who always "comes up smiling", whether it's after a tiff with a certain Sophomore (or is he only a Freshie?) or a "perfectly awful" Spanish exam. It's hard to tell what we'd do without her to play for dances.

Basketball '19. Hockey '19, '20.

#### GILBERT GREENBERG

Gilbert is a staunch supporter of "common sense", particularly in doing Trig. If the jokes in the Annual don't suit you, you may assault and batter him.

Senior Play. Joke Editor of Annual. S. E. C. Play.

Sixteen



Seventeen



Eighteen

### MARTHA HAMMOND

Like the cat that walked by himself, Martha likes to do things her own way, and, again like the cat, she usually gets what she goes for. Leading lady in S. E. C. play. Hockey 18, 19, 20, Basketball 19. Annual Board, Class Treasurer '20,

#### ROLLAND ROLEY

Rolland make a most villainous villain in the S. E. C. play. We hope that that character was doffed with the black mustachios and wig!

S. F. C. Play. Freshman Play. East Chicago-Emerson Debate.

#### ETHEL LARSON

As "Arline" in "The Bohemian Girl", Ethel has shown herself a most charming songstress and we're proud of her. "The Bohemian Girl", by the way, started an interesting case. Long may it flourish!

Annual Board 19, '20. "Bohemian Girl." Chorus '20.

### LOUIS RAPPEPORT

Louie is one of those people who never seem to study and still don't flunk. Perhaps he gets through on his good looks, but we think he'd get better Spanish grades if he'd 'walk a little faster,' as the whiting said to the snail. Football '188. '19. Basketball '19. '20. Chorus '17. '18. '20.

#### LILLY LUDTK

Lilly is a late addition to the class, so we don't know her very well. We like what we've seen of her, though.

#### FRANCIS HEYDORN

Always rather quiet, he works along without any fuss and gets there with the best. As a stage manager he has been much in demand.

Football '19. Chorus' 19. Class Treas. '19. Athletic Association '20.

#### DOROTHY DAVIS

Dorothy was so attached to us that she couldn't go away with her family but stayed to graduate with us. We're glad she likes us for we certainly like her. Basketball '19. Hockey '20. Junior English Club.

Mineteen



#### HELEN JONES

If anyone ever sees Casey with tousled hair, please let us know! What will Dorothy Mountain do without her next year? Classical Club. Junior Enelish Club.

#### DAGMAR BRINK

Dagmar is one of our Spanish sharks, and for such a small girl she's surprisingly energetic and active in athletics.

Basketball '17. '18. '19. '20. Hockey '19. '20. Classical Club.

#### GENEVIEVE GAYNOR

Genevieve is another star in commercial work and one of our best typists. She's rather quiet, so she's not well known by most of the class.

Junior English Club. Shorthand Club. International Typewriting Contest.

### MALVINA ONSON

We all like Malvina, but woe betide anyone who arouses her anger! (Don't tell anybody, but we think she really ought to have red hair)

Hockey '17, '18, '19. Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20.

### MARY O'HARA

We should have found it hard to do without Mary in athletics. Mary's always kidding someone. Can't help it, probably.

Hockey 18, '19, '20. Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20. Secretary Athletic Association '20. Class Treasurer '19. Annual Board.

#### OLIVE SURMAN

We had a basketbal star in our midst and didn't know it until this year. Olive is always busy, so we don't see much of her. Hockey '20. Basketball '20.

#### AUDREY WINTER

Audrey is one of our smallest members and Faye's running mate. She seems rather shy but at times—Well, we really don't know. Armold might give us some information. Senior Play. Original Oratorical Contest. Hockey '18.

Twenty



CLARA HOGAN

This popular young lady, not content with winning first place in the Lake County Oratoricals, chose to become Salutatorian, too. She has taken an active part in all school affairs.

President Classical Club. S. E. C. Play. Class Secretary '20. Student Council '19.

#### ROSWELL IOHNSON

For three years, Roswell was a shy little fellow, but this year he became bolder and now he's quite a "lady-killer". Rivaled Bone Stimson for a time.

S. E. C. Play, Senior Play, Class Sec'y '19. Chorus' 18, '19. Annual Board.

### MARJORIE CLARK

Marge is a gay person who manages to have a good time wherever she goes. She's everybody's friend and everybody's her friend.
Minstres '20. Basketball '18. Junior English Club.

## RENNER STIMSON

Renner is a young man who has become very popular with the ladies—or should we say A lady? Well, anyway, he is. Football '19, '20. Basketball '19, '20. Track '18, '19, '20. S. E. C. Play.

## MADGE FOGLER

Madge devotes most of her time to the Commercial Department and we suppose that some day she'll be private scretary to some important person.

Hockey '18, '19. Shorthand Club. S. E. C.

### ARNOLD LIEBERMAN

No one excels Arnold in S. E. C. discussions, as far as "vim, vigor, and vitality" go. A good student.

Student Council '19. S. E. C. Play.

#### FLORET OHRENSTEIN

Floret is one of our quiet, unassuming classmates. Somehow, one misses quiet people when they're gone, though.

Hockey '18. Chorus '18, '19, '20. "Bohemian Girl".

Twenty-one

### CLAUDIA ISAY

Claudia leads the class in good nature and ability to stand teasing. Her only serious fault is a penchant for—good-looking athletes? No, only one. Senior Play 19, '20. S. E. C. Play. Chorus '19, '20.



# HERMINE ALSCHULER

Hermine showed herself, in the Senior play, an excellent actress. She is also one of Mr. Snyder's most dependable musicians. Hockey '18. Chorus '18, '19, '20. Senior Play, "Bohemian Girl".

# CLASS HISTORY OF "1920"



OETS have sung praises, and inspired authors have woven melodious eulogies in honor of their classes; but the history of the class of 1920 speaks for itself. There is no need of silver-tongued orators or musical bards to paint

the glory of 1920. Judge this class not by the individuals nor by the many honors which were showered upon it during those four happy years. Rather judge it by the permanent stamp it left on Old Emerson—an impress not to be defined in terms of memorable events or actions, but in the spirit of Emerson. The class of '20 makes no other claim to notoriety save that it left things better than it found them.

We have, however, had as great an interest in school life as any other class, and it is only fair that you should know of such matters in connection with this class. We entered high school in 1916, the largest class in the history of the school, and from the first the class of 1920 took a prominent part in all high school activities.

Although that first trying year proved for us, as for others, full of hard work, yet we were well represented in all phases of school life, athletics, oratory, even society finding boosters in the class of 1920. Year by year we gradually worked into school life, and each year found more participants in school activities. In athletics, Dunleavy, Smith, O'Connor, and others made 1920 famous. The

girls upheld the athletic honors of the class and captured more championships than any other class ever did. In oratory Smith again placed '20 in the foreground when as a sophomore he took first place over all the juniors and seniors. As juniors we were looked up to by most of the school in almost everything. The great event of that year was naturally the "Prom", and it was a wonderful affair in the opinion of all who attended. It was easily the largest and finest ever given and the class was proud of it.

So passed the first three years with all their trials, and troubles, and happiness. The last and most serious yethappiest year was ushered in on the relentless wheels of time and as relentlessly ushered out—forever. Gone but not forgotten. That last year found our ranks thinned but still sturdy, composed of as fine a group as ever went through any school together. Once more, and for the last time, we did our school honor and took the lead in everything.

Our greatest service was the fine example we set the rest of the school and the honorable way in which we carried the name of Emerson to the front. In athletics we showed our ability when the boys won the inter-class track meet and the girls won both hockey and basketball championships. In oratory the class of 1920 carried off all the school honors save one, when Sherwood Judson, Glenn Rearick, and Clara Hogant took first and second in the boxs'

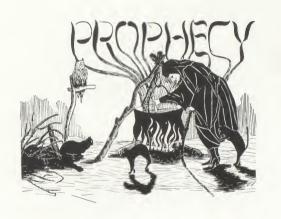
contest and first in the girls'. Clara Hogan won first place in the Lake County contest, while Glenn Rearick took second. In the Northern Indiana contest Sherwood Judson took second place. George Dunleavy, captain of the Emerson football and basketball teams and a member of 1920, has probably gained more renown for Emerson than any other one man. In social life we also took the lead and gave two of the finest dances of the year.

All this meant much to us and always will be cherished as fond memories. These deeds, all more or less concrete, will with time be dimmed, but though it may not realize it, our school can never forget our gift to the spirit of Emerson. We have nurtured and cared for it patiently, and through such organizations as the Senior English Club and the Boosters' Club, both founded and led by members of "20", we have sought to strengthen it. We have succeeded, and left that school spirit a living, breathing factor which exerts great influence on the life of old Emerson. Future classes may not know our names or our deeds, but we have left to them all a priceless heritage in this revived spirit, and the result of our good work will live as has that of few other classes.

-Glenn Rearick, '20.



Twenty-four



### SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY



WAS the night of Commencement and all through the school

Not a senior was idle, not e'en the class fool; For each heart was hard beating the sight to behold

Of the magical glass of the Wizard so old.

He had come from afar o'er mountain and dell
To our great class of '20, our fortunes to tell.

And now, bent and gnarled, and with wand in his hand,
His visage all wrinkled, but stern, sage, and grand,
He stood by his wonderful crystal so clear,
While all gathered 'round him the future to hear.
"My children of Emerson"—the silence he broke—
List carefully now to the words which are spoke:
Neither whisper nor laugh, lest the Spirit you scare;
With one sweep of this wand you'll breathe Fate's magic
air."

And waving and murm'ring o'er our wondering band. He brought us to '19 and '30's dim land.

\* \* \*

"The United States court room I see," said the seer,
"Judge Judson presides, whose name strikes great fear
To the hearts of all criminals whose judgment is near.
Who is it now enters with step sure and swift?
Ah! 'tis Senator Wilson, who has the great gift
To move strong men to tears and women to fright
When he speaks on the great Prohibition fight.

He opposes the Anti-Tobacco League Bill. And now is in court to sway men to his will. But his case was nigh lost e'er to court Wilson went, For the judge upon passage of that bill is bent. Ed puts up a good fight (although wasting his breath). And clinches his argument by, 'Liberty or death!' Now in the crystal, foreign scenes I behold-Arnold Lieberman Russia's whole future will mould. In out-speaking any man in all tongues he excels, And, becoming excited, ofttimes he loud vells That he'll make out of Russia a second great Rome: While his wife, Floret Ohrenstein, brightens his home," On a scene of excitement his eyes next he bent. And he told us 'twas Dunleavy, first president Of the Irish Republic! We had long known at school How he "stood pat" and firm for the "Irish Home Rule". His brilliant career was marked out by his wife. Who leads him and Ireland in all social life. He'd been captured at last by the coquettish way Of his old senior classmate, Miss C., I say! "I foresee in the crystal a war will progress Against foes who our whole western coast do oppress: But out of the fray a great leader doth rise Whose ambitions do carry him up to the skies. 'Tis Ed Smith, who the world's flying record does make: When he circles earth thrice and twice Mars, by mistake: Then, perceiving the foe, he comes down like a streak

And annihilates all within less than a week! But during the months of the war that had passed Kate Witwer's rich voice even Melba's surpassed: And the soldiers in cantonment often did boast That her voice inspired courage to kill the dread host. In these stirring times still another star shone: B. Wilson, who played in the comedy Jones. In surgical work does Doc Stimson perform The most marvelous deeds upon all the forlorn; 'Tis his greatest accomplishment, to my belief, To make a man from one leg and a false set of teeth. His ablest assistant's Miss Hammond, I vow, And happy are they in life partnership now. In quieter scenes now the crystal portrays Professor Greenwald, installed for the rest of her days Teaching English to freshmen at Emerson "U". Miss Ellen Strom's fame as a poetess grew When, after her Love of a Village Maid-deep She published a classical treatise on Sleep. Helen Jones pounding out notes of L' Heureuse Moment For one of her pupils is quite content. Glenn Rearick, the author of edifying works-Why Is Love? Heart and Soul, and Where Paradise Lurks-Firmly asseverates that each poem and all Is inspired by his wife (nee Marjorie Hall). Mr. Rearick's Memoirs of a Lonesome War 'Vet' Is published each month in Bill Phillips' Gazette, The most flourishing newspaper Gary e'er knew. Which put Hearst out of business and the Gary Post, too. His wife, Enid Holmes, with her gay parties fills

The society column- the expense is poor Bill's. A rural celebrity I now come across-'Tis Fave Holmes, who is tilling the rich soil of Ross. She says that her country life, sans care or harm, Rivals Emerson's experiment out on Brook Farm. Not alone does she till, for Miss Winter stayed Faithful, as ever, and to Fave lends great aid. Miss Havens, most eminent Chemistry prize. Is a magical worker in human disguise. For as soon as they're published the whole world will know Her remarkable discoveries about H2O. Rolland Roley, the world-famed 'Steel City King', Employs in his office the most speedy ring Of expert stenographers from Emerson's store: Madge Fogler, Dot Davis, and Genevieve Gaynor. On a great financier I now turn my gaze-Roswell Johnson, who will spend the rest of his days In a big limousine at the head of parades-He can afford to-gasoline was his 'trade'. His beneficent hand is the mainstay and pillar Of the library and Johnson museum in Miller. Where Miss Brink, incidentally, holds entire sway Of great volumes and curios of prehistoric day. In a large opera house in the same growing town Ethel Larson, Galli Curci's sole rival, renown'd, Who, in singing the star role of Friedman's Wood Elf, Captivated the heart of great 'Morrie' himself! Gilbert Greenburg by his new educational plan Has aroused world-wide interest and demand For the 'common-sense' system, intellectual and big(Just recall how he used it in getting his 'Trig'). When Gladys Daniels, having captured a number of hearts. Settled down to tranquillity and domestic arts In her old home town, Elwood, with an old home-town man, Harmon Ward, to drown all his sorrows, began In marine engineering his service to lend: And yows that for women ne'er more will he bend. The Rappeport Syndicate, a great candy concern. With Louie at head and 'Gene' Schrader at stern. Puts the once famous Palace of Sweets in the shade: And men everywhere talk of those two as 'self-made'. After years of hard labor Olive Surman has gained Reputation and millions for an invention world-famed. Which fills all who use it with joy, spirit, and "pep". Miss Alschuler into her dad's shoes did step And as a manager there she has had such success That it rivals e'en Mandel's, you may well guess, For o'er two city blocks now reaches the store. And soon will extend its dominion two more Margory Clark is now shown in a great photo-play. And thousands their hearts at her feet would lay Were it not that the new star of all movie-land. Al Johnson has already captured her hand. Gladys Hancock, tennis champ, of all nations the best. Has giv'n up her career and traveled far west To Hawaii, where, called by the lure of the beach.

To the native kids swimming she endeavors to teach, Though offers of marriage she's had time and again. She yows that she never did 'fancy' the men. Mr. Heydorn always did shine in managing plays, But now in the Orpheum he'll spend all his days. Clara Hogan is seen in a small western town Teaching the three 'R's' to the natives around. Back to old Emerson now shifts the scene. Three prominent figures are still there. I ween. Miss O'Hara expounds for her class in the gym The value of exercise in becoming slim. Miss Onson in music has taken her place And no time can ever her triumph erase. For her chorus has tak'n cups and trophies a-plenty, Which brings mem'ries of happy old school days of '20. In principal's chair Ardath Ralph doth preside: 'Tis rumored, however, that soon she will glide Into wide and untried matrimonial sea, Accompanied by a master of Ancient History."

As the oracle ceased, a great sigh through us thrilled, For each member, we knew, would an ample fame build, And make Emerson ring in each corridor and hall With the name of these Seniors—the best class of all!

-Clara Hogan, '20,





HARRY STEINER ALINE SZOLD



GUY HENDERSON MARCARET NEFF

JOHN BOWERS LAVINA MARSHALL



STEWART TAYLOR

ELIZABETH PUTNAM

ARTHUR TRAVERS



LENORE BOYD







MARY WHITE ANNETTE PETERSON

NADINE THORNBURG MERRILL NUSBAUM

THELMA APTEKMAN DORIS HOLMES

LESTER INGRAM MIRIAM BERNSTEIN



EDWARD WILSON ELSIE JORS



DOROTHY MOUNTAIN LIELLA ROMEL

BLANCHE KUEHL MILDRED JAMISON





ELWOOD GLUECK
ETTA WEBER





HARLAND FREEBURY

JEAN DAVIDSON



MARTHA TAYLOR





Thirty-two

# JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY



S SOON as we entered high school, we determined to get right to work and make a name for ourselves. We worked hard, and gained the reputation of very good students, as the teachers will testify. In addition to this we had

time to put out some good class teams and gain notice in

Then as sophomores we again showed our metal, and gained renown in both the athletic and scholastic fields. We did not give much attention to social activities, because we wished to get the hardest work done first, and then turn our minds towards this obase of high school life.

When we returned this fall, we began our careers as juniors by electing as class president, Elwood Glueck; Etta Weber, vice-president; Eva Wilson, secretary; Lavina Marshall and Rex Young, treasurers; Eleanor Best and Stewart Taylor, Student Council representatives; and Margaret Gale and Harold Heilstedt, representatives to the Athletic Association.

With this force of capable and energetic young men and women to guide us, we showed the rest of the school what a read class was. In football we were represented by those well-known young men, Ross and Frank Sibley. In basketball we were again represented by these famous brothers. We also had some fine teams of hockey, ice hockey, and basketball.

Our ability to warble was proved when Mr. Snyder chose many from the Junior Class for the Contest Chorus, and these representatives helped bring victory home to Emerson.

The play, "Pickwick Papers", put on by the Junior class, was a tremendous success, and covered us with glory.

The Leap Year Dance, given in January, was another huge success. The decorations, music, and "eats" were perfect, and all enjoyed a good time.

Then came the Junior-Senior Hunt. This Hunt resulted in much discussion, for the seniors claimed that they won, while the juniors contended that by virtue of violated rules, they won.

And then the Prom! What a fitting climax for the successes and honors won during the year! Everyone declared that the Prom was better than any preceding one.

Juniors have always been loyal supporters of old Emerson, and every game found them on the sidelines. They have always taken a leading part in school activities. There are no better Boosters in the whole school.

And we shall maintain our reputation, and keep on with the good work during our senior year. Emerson will have cause to be proud of 1921 and she will say, "Lo, there is my class of '21. No better can be found."

-Vera Pisarski, '21.

# JUNIOR CLASS LIST

### EMERSON HIGH SCHOOL

June, 1920

Honorof, Sam

Aptekman, Thelma Avery, Marie Beerman, Gertrude Briggs, Clayton Barber, Clye Bernstein, Miriam Best. Eleanor Blake, Carrie Bost, Mercedes Boyd, Lucille Boyd, Lenore Bowers, John Bowman, Emil Caster, Beatrice Chase, Warren Dierking, Wilbur Dils, Eugene Dubin, Samuel Duranleau, Emerald

Adams, Pauline

Dingler, Mary Edelstein, Rudolph Erlandson, Goodell Feder, Mortimer Freebury, Harland Gale, Marion Gale, Margaret Golkowski, Severyn Glueck, Elwood Hauprich, Helen Heintz, Alice Holmes, Doris Heilstedt, Harold Harkness, Ashbury Heflich, Lillian Heiny, Ruth Hanlan, Michael Harmon, Bernard

Henderson, Guy \*

Davidson, Jean

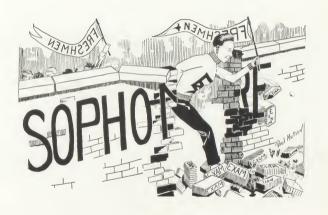
Jahn, Edith Jamison, Mildred Jors, Elsie Jimerson, Harold Kuehl, Blanche Kelso, George Lakin, Fannie Laube, Joseph Landrigan, Ruth Marshall, Lavina Mountain, Dorothy Mages, Anne McCormick, Marcella Neidig, Esther Nesbit. Beatrice O'Hara, Edward Neff, Margaret

O'Brien, William O'Connor, Robert O'Hara, Edward Percival, George Percival, Beulah Peterson, Annette Pierce, Edith Putnam, Elizabeth Pisarski, Vera Poxon, Maryetta Rappeport, Louis Rappeport, Arthur Romel, Liella Steiner, Harry Staab, George Schoon, Nicholas Slosson, Willis Sibley, Ross Sibley, Frank

Smith, Glen Solomon, Fred Stack, Bernard Strait, June Szold, Aline Taylor, Martha Turnipseed, Louise Thornburg, Nadine Tulloch, Margaret Travers, Arthur Taylor, Stewart Wimple, Melville Warner, John Wilson, Edward Weber, Etta White, Mary Wilson, Eva Wood, Louise

Young, Rex

Nusbaum, Merrill





# SOPHOMORE CLASS LIST

# EMERSON HIGH SCHOOL

June, 1920

Aldrich, Sanford Anderson, Frank Ahrens, Robert Albright, George Altenhof, Carl Altenhaf Herhert Anderson, Frank Andrews, Fred Beattie, Robert Bradley, Milford Brewer, Robert Brown, Earl Bumphrey, Cecil Block, Bessie Black Hannah Bailey, Margaret Beerman, Clara Betts, Elizabeth Brennan, Dorothy Bailey, Joseph Bay, Frank Bone, Jay Brown, Mildred Borman, Helen Bowers, Naomi Carr, Inez Corey, Irene Chase, Virginia Carnenter, George Carr. Homer Cavanaugh, Vincent Cleaver, Lorraine Clerice, Frank

Child, Julia Clark, Dorothy Clark, Teresa Cox. Helen Crabill, Helen Clark, Robert Combs. Allen Considine, Leonard Deck, Gerald Drevenak, Joseph Duke, Vernon Dykeman, Donald Davis, Eliza Dipert, Loda Diamond, Leo Duff, Raymond Eibel, Myrtle Eihel, Gertrude Endicott, Alleen Easterly, Nina Eastes, Theodora Fabianski, Matthias Ferris, Lynn Figge, Clyde Friedlander, Nathan Fisher, Crystal Fogler, Helen Friedland, Sophie Fuller, Edna Ferris, Lynn Gerdes, Arthur

Golkowski, Chester Gustafson, Arvid Garwood, Lois Greenburg, Eliza Goldman, Sidney Good, Dale Goshaw, Hone Gross, Margaret Hallowell, Dorothy Harkness, Linda Harris, Bessie Hay, Helen Huff, Virginia Highwood, Donald Hyman, Abe Haas, Harold Hardy, Winfield Isenberg, Walter Ingram, Lester Hiff, Winifred Johnson, Anna Jacobson, Bennie Johnson, Harold Judson, Stanley Jones, Edna Johnson, Violet Jannsen, Theodore Keseric, Emil Kruger, Clarence Klunder, Lena

Knott, Lillian Knotts Hazel Klunder, Verona Kunert, Florence Kelso, Clarence King, Franklin Krueger, Robert Lightbody, Randall Lamb, Mary Lamport, Bert Laube, Joseph Linton, Damon Maas, Willis Martin, William Mascher, Harold Mount, Arthur Murphy, Dorothy Murphy, Edward McNeill, Margaret Manlan, Sarah Martin, Janet Marxmilller, Beulah McArthur, Robert McHenry, Chester Myers, Vernon Nichols, Russell Noltner, William Nygaard, George O'Brien, William Olson, Arnold Onson, Geraldine

Oliver, Lorne Ohrenstein, Clara Prybylski, Cathairn Pickard, Robert Pendleton, William Ralph, Merle Ransel, Mary E. Ross, Ralph Salmi, Victor Spencer, Ashbury Sensibar, Naomi Sensibar, Ezra Sanderson, Harold Springberg, Joe Stanton, David Stedman, Donald Stimson, Frank St. John, Russell Strom, Edward Symes, John Tuft, William Tucker, Marjorie Tucker, Mildred Vernlank, Dorothy Wheeler, Arva Weigel, Victor Winter, Norman Wise, Charles Wood, Alvin Wallace, John Wulfing, Mildred

# SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY



S WE boasted last year, we are still rich in promise, and many are the boys and girls of our class that have entered into practically every activity offered by the school,—from sports to choose.

We began our school year aright by electing Harland Freebury, president; Marguerite McNeill, vice-president; Marvella McCormick, secretary; Tyrie Robbins and Virginia Chase, treasurers; Vera Pisarski and Frank Stimson, Student Council representatives; and Marjorie Tucker and Alvin Wood, Athletic Association representatives. When Harland became a junior in February, Marguerite took his place, and we elected Marjorie Tucker vice-president. Marcella, too, believed she was too good for the class, so she resigned and became a junior. As we thought Russell St. John needed to work a little, we elected him, and, of course, he could not refuse so great an honor at the time, but afterwards he reconsidered and resigned. Margaret Gross now competently fills the office. Theodora Esates fills the gap made by Vera.

We had the good fortune to have boys like Alvin Wood and Frank Sibley to put on the first team in football, and two other boys, John Wallace and Sanford Aldrich, to use as "subs". Pickard, Salmi, Tom Haley, Jannsen, Considine, Goldman, and O'Hara were the sophomore boys that won places on the second team.

Some of the school's best basketball players on the first team were Tyrie Robbins, Frank Sibley, Sanford

Aldrich, and Alvin Wood, while the second team men were Pendleton, Goldman, and Salmi.

The boys' class basketball team was composed of Pendleton, Clarence Krueger, Goldman, Friedlander, Salmi, Considine, and Robert Krueger. The boys played a good game of basketball and came out "champs" in the inter-class contest.

The girls' basketball team, M. Taylor, F. Lakin, V. Pisarski, E. Fuller, M. McNeill, and H. Hay, played fine, clean games.

Hockey games were entered into with enthusiasm by both boys and girls. The girls' team consisted of eleven snappy players who held the seniors to a score of 1—0 and defeated the juniors. (They never had an opportunity to try their skill against the "freshies" for some vague reason.) The players were E. Fuller, L. Heflich, V. Pisarski, H. Hay, C. Fisher, M. Gross, M. McNeill, H. Fogler, B. Nesbit, V. Chase, and L. Turnipseed.

The boys' team, which won first place, consisted of T. Haley, Salmi, H. Altenhof, Considine, J. Haley, Pendleton, O'Brien, and C. Altenhof.

Mr. Snyder saw much musical ability in the class of '22 and so he chose Virginia Huff, Virginia Chase, Hope Goshaw, Aline Szold, Beatrice Nesbit, Frank Stimson, Mortimer Feder, William Martin, Russell St. John, Lester Ingram, and Randall Lightbody to sing in the chorus which captured the silver cup in the Lake County Contest this year.

None of our boys entered the oratorical contest, but Negrisk, Alyne Szold, Marcella McCormick, Lillian Heflich, Naomi Sensibar, and Sophia Friedland did, with the result that Marcella was one of the victors. As she won second place, she represented Emerson in the Northern Indiana contest at Michigan City, where she won second place.

The sophomores gave one hard-time dance which was

a fair success. Another was planned for St. Valentine's Day, but due to financial difficulties, it was postponed.

The sophomores fill a large corner of the Booster's Club, and we can truthfully claim that the class of '22 is the best and most enthusiastic class that old Emerson will ever see. As juniors and seniors we hope to add glory to the good name which we have already earned.

—Helen Fogler, '22.







# FRESHMAN CLASS LIST EMERSON HIGH SCHOOL

Anderson, Edith Anderson, Lillian Ahlerim, Walter Andrews, Myron Alger, Leigh Anderson, Arvida Anderson, Myrtle Bates, Jessie Bay, Margaret Billings, Enid Bush Helen Barwig, Walter Bates, Wayne Beaver, Robert Bohman, Harry Burford, William Beck, John Bone, Russell Brewer, Marion Bruce, Forde Baker, Pearl Barrett, Anna Bertha, Emma Borman, Florence Brooks, Catherine Bowler, Ednah Cashion, Geraldine Chaykin, Isahel Cavanaugh, Donald Chase, James Chaykin, Joe Conrad. Graeme Cox. Harold Care, Norman Clarin, Herman

Conway, Alice Cook, Helen Curtis, Isabel Davidson, William Davis, Robert Davis William Debrular, Adrian Dingler, John Dodds, Stanford Donovan, Lloyd Drevenak, Rudolph Dykeman, Donald Davidson, Wilma Demien, Loretta Dickerson, Clara Epping, Helen Ewing, Henrietta Ernst, Ralph Ervin, Ralph Ervin, Merritt Eklund, Wilbur Egeberg, Gudrun Fields, Muriel Figgle, Beatrice Fields, Haze Flannery, Thomas Francis, Robert Frazure, Ralph Figge, Clyde Finnerty, Joseph Flannery, Thomas Fuller, Herbert Field, Irene Field, Muricl Flecknoe, Nellie Goodall, Mildred

Graff, Janet.

Gannon, Richard

George, Alvin Giley, Charles Golden, Claude Gourley, Cecil Gunderson, Martin Gideon, Minor Goldman, Solly Gaston, Jeannette Gear, Georgia Goddard Helen Greenwald, Gertrude Hale, Mildred Hanley, Harriet Harmon, Helen Healy, Mary Higgins, Adeline Hinshaw, Ivy Huffman, Florence Hurtt, Elizabeth Hagerstrom, Theodore Lorentz, Russell Hagman, Nore Haley, Tom Haley, Joseph Hancock, Bernard Hardenbrook, Albert Hass. Robert. Hawkins, Russell Heilstedt, Edmund Heinrich, Sam Hendrickson, Clarence Heydorn, Clyde Hodges, Merle Hood, Clifford Hill, Margaret Hall, George Hardy, Edward Inwood, Ernest Icenogle, Gladys

James, Beatrice

Johnson, Dorothy

Johnson, Ruth Jackson, George Johnson, Gilbert Jones, Emlyn Karhowski, Cecelia Keilhocker, Marie Kich, Martha Krause, Rose Kurrle, Lois Kerr, Douglas Karlson, Everett Kreutzman, William Kellstrom, Ethel Kendrick, Mary King, Helen Klinedorf, Elma Laderer, Julia Labas, James Lemburg, John Lorentz, Leon Labb, Clarrissa Loyd, Reine McCullough, Katherine Remaley, Donald McDermott, Thelma McGeatchy, Hilda McClellan, Sydney Milteer, Mary Matson, Paul Matthews, Burleigh Mehler, Seymour Mills, Edwin Motto, Donovan Mages, Hyman Maris, Robert Malinka, Steven McCormick, Harry Mohart, Paul Morgan, Everett Mahoney, Helen Martell, Marie Moore, Mahel

Neff. Tamsen Nodder, Joseph Newton, Helen O'Brien, Eleanor O'Connor, Jessie Oglesby, Lillian Olander, Ida O'Connor, Catherine Overhy Maude Panka, Caroline Parsons, Irene Pisor, Martha Pollock, Arvilla Putsch, Harold Potruff, Harry Paul, Mildred Plum, Georgiabell Quilling, Mary Ray, Lauretta Reed, Gertrude Riley, Janice Ramey, Eugene Rearick, Kenneth Rogers, Donald Rothschild, Alfred Ruman, Samuel Ray, Emerald Ricks, James Rooda, Ellean Schweinberg, Elva Sheehan, Grace Scheurer, Helen Shumate, Leona Snideman, Jessamine Snyder, Lora Sprows, Helen Stephan, Thelma Strom, Edith

Schoon, Henry

Sheehan, Robert Smith, Robert Somer, James Stephens, Marion Sackett, Henry Scheidt, John Smith, Byron Starkey, William Stevenson, Alexander Sturtridge, Richard Sandles, Lillian Scheub, Magdalene Schrag, Ethel Sheehan, Grace Smith, Nellie Sternberger, Minnette Stiers, Willa Sullivan, Marguerite Sutton, Bertha Tappan, Clarence Taylor, James Tompt. Arthur Tibbs, Glenn Topp, John Verplank, Wilbur Verplank, Marguerite Volesko, Andrew Verplank, George Ward, Dorothy Weller, Virginia Walp, Dorothy Wadel, Leslie Welter, Andrew West, Lowell White, Browning Wilson, Laddie Welbourne, Marie White, Catherine White, Mildred

Wilson, Lyndall

Yorkshat, Emil

York, Violet

#### FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY



THE stars through difficulties." Never has this oft-quoted Latin phrase been applied with more reason than to the class of '23. Our stars were high scholastic standing, social recognition, and athletic victories. Our difficulties

were hard studies, seniors, and experienced teams. It was a long, hard struggle to overcome our numerous obstacled but like the "freshies" that we are, we came through conquerors, which goes to prove that "F" stands not only for freshmen but also for fighters. The teachers say that there has never been a brighter (?) class of freshmen; the seniors are forced to admit that we are the best dancers in the school (next to them), and the experienced teams tremble if the name of freshman; is mentioned.

Early in the year, we officially began our high school career by holding a meeting in which class officers were elected. Realizing his worth, we elected Stanley Judson as president; Irene Parsons was made vice-president; Robert Beattie, secretary; Lyndall Wilson, treasurer; Emerald Ray, boy representative to the Athletic Association; Julia Child, girl representative to the Athletic Association; Lillian Oglesby, girl representative to the Student Council.

True to the old saying, "The sooner the better," we quickly made ourselves known. Emerald Ray and Richard Sturtridge were on the varsity eleven. There were also some freshmen on the second team. The girls were not to be left out in the receiving of honors, so the hockey team, led by its energetic captain, Gertrude Greenwald, who was elected to that position by her unusual valor and grif, succeeded in conquering all but the senior team, by whom

they were defeated by the close score of three to four. Miss Bruns, as well as the seniors themselves, said that she had never known freshmen to play so well and so hard.

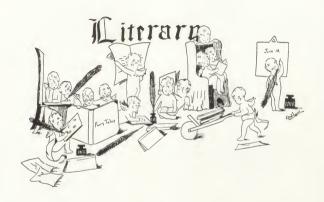
When the basketball season came around, we again disinguished ourselves. Richard Sturtridge was the only freshman to make the first team. In the inter-class tournament, the boys' freshman team received first place. The cirls also came out near the ton.

In January, we held our second meeting, at which Miss Kinnard was made our sponsor. Some of our officers having become sophomores at the end of the first term, it was necessary to elect more to fill the vacancies. For this purpose, a meeting was held in March, at which Harriet Hanley was made president; James Ricks, vice-president, and George Giley, secretary.

All this time we were not neglecting the social side of high school life. It is not common to find freshmen who could hold so many sleigh rides, theater parties, and informal dances, and yet be able to maintain their reputations as good students. We have also proved ourselves to be youthful but promising novices of the stage. One of the most successful entertainments given this year was the renowned freshman play. We also proved our fondness for music by being represented in the Emerson Chorus by Ellen Rooda, Eugene Ramey, and Clarence Hendrickson.

As the term draws close to an end, we turn our eyes with joyful anticipation toward the unexplored regions of our sophomore year. We feel that we have been truly worthy of Emerson and are ready and happy to go on with our course.

—Mary Alice Kendrick, '23.





IMMY DOLAN walked heavily out of the office of the Hanan-Hoover Furniture Company. His face, naturally very expressive, as becomes a super-salesman, wore an expression of surprise, bewilderment, and no slight trace of resent-

ment. It was the third time in two days that he, Jimmy Dolan, the cream of lumber salesmen, had been refused a real order.

Jimmy was known the country over as one of the best personney salesmen ever developed in the lumber business. A pleasing appearance, an extremely pleasant and appealing yet dominating personality, coupled with a thorough knowledge of his business—and of men—made him a wizard at selling. Even in "covering" new territory there was an air about him, as he brusquely entered men's offices, that just compelled them to reach for their check books. It had been said of him that he could sell anything from swamp land to wet matches and make the purchaser thank him for the opportunity of getting such a bargain. Jimmy was still little more than a boy but he was already well on his way to success in the business world.

Yet, with all his ability and his youth, somewhere something had gone wrong. The super-six salesman had slipped back a few notches and was now little more than a drummer—a common traveling man. At first he had not taken his failure to "land" a big order now and then as a serious matter, but now, well—he was beginning to realize that there was something wrong—radically wrong. One

order dropped once or twice a year did not amount to much, but, "Three in two days!"—that was going much too far.

Suppose he should turn out to be a failure!

What would the "big boss" say?

That was a big question, What would people say or think of him after all that had been expected and hoped of him? But more important still—what could he think of himself?

This state of affairs continued with little change, and finally the long-dreaded, yet expected, happened. Dolan received a telegram telling him to report at once to the "big boss" at the main office in New York.

Now Jimmy loved the "big boss" as he would have this Dad, had he lived, and he had worked harder for this man than he ever had for another. What is more, the "big boss" reciprocated this feeling (though he seldom showed it), for beneath the gruff and business-like exterior the "old boy" had a heart of gold.

So small wonder that Dolan hated to go to the "big boss" with the stigma of "a failure" pinned to him. Yet, deep down in his heart, Jimmy knew that it would do him good to talk everything over with the "old boy". If there was any way of finding out what was wrong with him, it was by talking it all over with the best boss a man ever worked for.

When Jimmy arrived in the big city, he went straight to headquarters, where he was told that the boss was on his vacation and that it was the sales manager who wished to see him. This important personage, jealous of his position and fearing that Mr. Jeffries, the "big boss", intended giving Jimmy the place, had jumped at this fortunate—for him—state of affairs as an opportunity of getting rid of a dangerous competitor. Jeffries was away and the company's best salesman had gone to the dogs. Knowing Jimmy would be too proud to appeal to higher authorities, the sales manager had resolved to find an exuse to discharge him.

"You are the man who dropped that Hanan-Hoover order, are you not?" was his comment as Jimmy entered the office.

"I am "

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing-to you."

"Then I am sorry to inform you that I have instructions to give you the information that this company does not pay salaries to ornaments and that you may draw your check."

"What! The 'big boss' told you to discharge me?"
"I repeat. I have instructions to let you go."

Hot-headed Irishman that he was, Jimmy strode angrily out of the office, never stopping to attempt to confirm the sales manager's order. Dolan felt that if the company did not want him that there were other jobs to be had.

For several weeks Jimmy drifted around, selling everything from soap to patent medicines, his bank account gradually dwindling to nothing. He lost confidence in himself and cared little what he did.

At first Jimmy had thought that he never wished to hear of the lumber business again. Of late, however, he had been feeling that irresistible longing, that comes to all who have ever been there, for the winter woods, the logjammed rivers in the spring drive, and the "klop", "klop" of the lumberjack's axe as it bites into the living wood.

It was there that Jimmy had started in the lumber business and it was his thorough knowledge of that part of the business that had caused Mr. Jeffries to take an interest in him. While now he did not wish to stay in the lumber business, he felt that it would be a fine vacation for him to work in a lumber camp through the winter. Perhaps this experience would even set him right with himself and give him a new lease on life.

To think was to act with Jimmy. So marshalling all his resources, he found that he still had enough to pay his fare to the Maine woods. Already the mere thought of the great out-of-doors had put new life into him and he felt as he had not felt for many weeks.

Arriving in the Maine lumber district, he went to one of the largest of Jeffries' winter camps and there applied to the foreman for a position.

Dressed in an old corduroy suit, heavy mackinaw, high boots, and slouch felt hat, he was the typical lumberjack. His tall, well-knit, athletic frame and strong, lean face—now beginning to lose the city pallor and take on a bronze tinge—all bespoke his familiarity with the strenuous outdoor life of the woods and lumber camps. The woods foreman merely inquired whether he could swing an axe, and when answered in the affirmative, promptly put him on the pay roll.

For soveral weeks Jimmy lived this life among real men, and here as everywhere else he soon took his place as a leader. His broad knowledge of the business soon became known to the foreman, who, as a real man ever ready to recognize another's ability, soon began to go to Jimmy with problems he found beyond his own ability to solve. Jimmy soon showed that he had a great deal of unusual ability as an executive.

One day, just before the spring drive was to commence. Jimmy strode into the foreman's office. Halfway across the room he stopped, startled and embarrassed, for there by the foreman's desk sat none other than the "big hoss"

"Jimmy, what under the sun are you doing here? I thought you were in Chicago,"

Jimmy was, for once, completely "fazed".

"Er-er, well, it seems to me you ought to know why I'm not in Chicago."

"I ought to know why you aren't in Chicago? That's where you are supposed to be this time of the year."

"What? I'm supposed to be there?" ejaculated Jimmy, a light beginning to penetrate to the hot Irish head.

"Certainly, that's where your orders were for, weren't they?"

"You mean to say you don't know about it?"

"About what?" "Why, I was fired."

"Fired!" echoed the "old man".

"Yes, fired," answered Jimmy somewhat bitterly.

Then followed explanations. It developed that Jeffries had been in Europe and had known nothing of Jimmy's dismissal. Upon his return he had decided to make a personal inspection of the "drive" and had thus met Jimmy.

With his long experience with salesmen and his fatherly understanding of Jimmy, the kindly old boss soon analyzed Jimmy's decline as a salesman.

"Jimmy, boy, I'm going to tell you something about yourself. You know men, but it seems you've failed to understand yourself in this case. You undoubtedly know that one very necessary characteristic of a real, big-six salesman is interest in his work and faith in what he is selling. When you first started to sell for me, you had that interest and faith. Soon, however, your confidence in your own ability grew so strong that you ceased really to try to sell your product. You simply relied on your own personality. Right then you began to drop big orders. At this point the villainous manager entered the plot and the hero was fired. Now, Jimmy Dolan, if I were to carry out the conservative plot, according to all rules of fiction, I should discharge the plotting manager and give you his job. Well, I'm going to fire that manager, but I'm not going to follow out the rest of the story.

"Jimmy, your little 'vacation' in the woods has found your real place in life for you. You weren't cut out to be a salesman or even a sales manager. You are an executive of the very highest type, and that is why I am making you General Manager of the company at \$25,000 per."

-Glenn Rearick, '20,

### THE MAKING OF JEFFREY OLDS



T WAS the final practice before the Cammond game. The sharp voice of the coach rang out now and then in the clear, crisp autumn air, only to be immediately followed by the hoarse voice of the quarterback snapping out the sig-

nals and the thud of the impact of body against body. Except for these sounds there was an ominous silence in the atmosphere—a silence which suggested trouble. The voice of Coach Milroy boomed heavily after a time, "Ribley, take Olds' place at 'full'." And as Ribley trotted out to take his post and as Olds sat down on the substitute bench, every man there knew that a drama had been enacted before them, for if Olds did not play on the morrow the day would be lost, and every man knew why Olds would not play.

As the boys waited their turn on the rubbing table, the coach's voice was heard. "Olds," he called from his sanctum just off the dressing room, "come here."

Jeffrey Olds was the only son of one of America's wealthiest automobile manufacturers. To say the least, he was a spoiled child. In his high school days he had found that a five-dollar bill or one of larger denomination, if the situation demanded it, could get him out of any tight fix he ever got into, and as a result it was with an "Tve-got-the-money-so-treat-me-right" air that he had first viewed Emerson College, and he kept this attitude toward college life all through his school years though he was now a senior. The school had tolerated him as a necessary evil, for at fullback he was a "demon" and his shot-put far excelled anything in

that region. But lately he had taken to breaking training, and what was worse seemed not a bit ashamed of it. And the night before the championship game he had been taken out because he was not in fighting trim. Minus Olds the boys feared for the game, and to make matters worse Olds knew it.

"Sit down, Olds," said the coach as the young man entered the door. "Now listen carefully, for I'm going to be mighty brief. You've broken training; you've betrayed the gold and grey; and what's worse, you've not repented of your action one bit! I wash my hands of you—you're through—you're fired—or any way you want to put it, just so you get out of my sight and never enter that door again. Vamoose!"

What would have stunned an ordinary man, what would have made him "see red" and come back with a plea for another chance, did not even "faze" Jeffrey Olds. Who was this coach compared with him, Jeffrey Olds? And so with a casual "Very well," he stalked from the office, and with a look implying, "You'll be sorry for this," he walked to the campus, where the chapel clock was striking six. What was this place to him—he'd show these people who he was. These and many other similar thoughts passed through his mind as he walked to his room.

Emerson was only an hour's run from Chicago and eight o'clock found Jeffrey Olds in the snug room of his old chum Ralston Day. Ralston Day was the one real friend whom Jeffrey had; a friend for whom Jeffrey would cut off

his right hand. Ral Day had seen that there was some good in Olds and had attempted to bring it out. He was now a senior at Northwestern and had acted as a "big brother" toward Jeffrey ever since they were in high school. Jeffrey had always admired Ral's common sense because it is human nature to appreciate in others qualities which are totally lacking in ourselves.

"You here, Jeff, old boy? Why—I thought you were to play tomorrow." His keen insight told him that there was something radically wrong somewhere.

"Play! Humph—I'm thru with Emerson. Play! Bah!! Just because I broke training the fool coach gave me my walking papers. But I should worry—what's Emerson to me!"

And he snapped his fingers to emphasize the contempt in his words. "And what's more—I'm going to wire dad to cut out his subscription to the Emerson Endowment Fund— I guess they'll miss me before long—how about it?"

Ral leaned back in his chair and fixed his searching grey eyes on Jeffrey and said simply, "Jeff, you're the rotenest cad—yes cad, I ever knew." Then with fire in his eyes he rose and stood menacingly over Olds' chair, and temporarily losing control of himself, he cried hotly, "Sit still, you prince of fools—I'm going to have a talk with you. In the first place, who are you that you think Emerson College should pay homage to you?—should fawn upon you just because you're your father's son, and a poor one at that? I tell you, Jeff, you're a snob, a dyed-in-the-wool snob—and what's worse than that, you're a traitor—yes—a traitor. Anyone who'll break training when the school's

honor depends upon that breach is a traitor to his alma mater. Why—why—you pitiful child of the idle rich—you're of no use to humanity. I have tolerated your egotism because I thot it was the worst side of you, and that your better nature would come to the top, but—well, you see for yourself. You pampered, petted poodle dog—don't you realize what your college means to you? Didn't you ever feel that intangible something grip you when you saw the ball pass your opponents' goal and knew that Emerson was winning glory? Try to realize what it'll mean to you in future days to look back and say, "I helped Emerson win." But I suppose I'm wasting breath on you. But realize this, man, your chances to help Emerson are gone—all gone!"

"But look here, Ral, I"—Jeffrey seized his opportunity to defend himself as Ral stopped for breath, "I—er—that is I—"

"Yes, T," interrupted Ral hotly, "T—why you pitiful, egotistical, hothouse flower, do you imagine that a college will bow down to you because you have the name and money? And let me add this, Jeff—you must leave here in the morning, for I cannot be a friend of a man who would deliberately betray his school and then treat it so lightly as you have. You may stay here tonight but you must leave in the morning, for as to our friendship—it just doesn't exist any more."

Jeff Olds for the first time in his life was stunned. You may say what you please, but to be disowned by your college and to lose your only friend within a few hours is bound to have an effect on even the most blase of persons.

"Ral, Ral," he whispered hoarsely, "you don't-you

can't mean that I—" and for the first time in years Jeffrey Olds cried, cried like a baby—cried from his heart. After fifteen minutes he arose and went to where Ral was studying. He laid his hand on Day's shoulder and said, "Ral, you're a real pal and showed me the real thing, and I am going to do the right thing, Good-bye."

It was the third quarter of the Emerson-Cammond and Emerson held the small end of a six-to-twelve score. It seemed that by this time neither team could gain and so by an exchange of punts Emerson managed to get the ball within ten yards of Cammond's goal and here they were stopped. For four downs Cammond's line held like a wall and then Emerson again received the ball on a fumble and tried again.

All this time on the side lines a little scene was taking place near the substitute's bench, where a big, strong, cleancut man dressed in the gold and grey of Emerson was pleading with the coach with outstretched hands and tears of anxiety in his eye. "Please, coach, can't you see—I don't want the glory of it, I want old Emerson to win! I'm a cad—I'm anything you want to call me, but please—look, did you see that—that Cammond man'll never get by me like—"

"All right—shut up and go in—and—win that gamel!"
Olds fairly bounced on the field, and as he took his
place, Frank, the quarterback, yelled above the din, "Signals
18—24—22—18—36—17—hike," and with a groan of joy
Jeff felt the ball in his arms, saw the line crumple before
him—and then the goal posts seemed to loom above him
and then—victory. Good kicked the goal, and the day was
won.

But though only a few knew it, a soul had been saved that day, and a new Jeff Olds was born.

-Sherwood Judson, '20.

# IN THE DUNES

Neath a high arched sky, the proud dune stands alone, Raising aloft, with regal air, her crest By pine trees crowned, storm-tossed, wind-beaten things That stretch out patient, dead arms to the air And wait there, gaunt and bare, for what may come; Before lies a windy space of smooth-swept sand, Its brightness dimmed with shadows of clouds that pass Serenely slow in the silent, boundless sky.

—Dorothy Greenwald, '20,

# THE WITCHING HOUR



SAT one wintry night in front of a glowing fire-place reading. The room was dark save for a small lamp at my right and the light made by the fire. Along the four walls of the room there were bookcases filled with books.

After reading for awhile, I felt drowsy and so I laid my book down upon a chair in front of me. While sitting there thinking, I was surprised to see the book opening and a little boy stepping from its pages.

"I am Oliver Twist, dear reader, used by Charles in England; I'm sure you have heard of me. You are wondering, I know, just how I happen to be here. You see in this library all the characters of these books come out for a frolic between the hour from twelve to one, and promptly at one you will see them run back to their books, for if they are out after one o'clock they are punished by their author and never allowed to come out again. If you like, I shall sit here on the arm of your chair and watch them frolic to-night."

I lifted him up and put him on the arm of my chair. One by one the small elfish figures came from their books.

The first was a pretty young girl who came up and courtesied. "I'm Judy Abbot in Daddy-Long-Legs. You have heard of me, I know, for I remember seeing you when you read Daddy-Long-Legs," she said.

"Indeed I have heard of you and have often wished I could meet you. Won't you sit up here with Oliver?"

"I'd love to if you don't mind."

By this time there was a great crowd of them gathering together, and many of them were very familiar to me.

"Get in line if you wish to meet our reader," called Oliver Twist in his thin little voice.

So they formed a long line and as each came up, they bowed and told me their names.

A very sweet-faced girl came up next—"I am Nell in Old Curiosity Shop, dear reader."

"I am Pip in Great Expectations," said the next lad.

"I am Sydney Carton in The Tale of Two Cities."

So one by one they introduced themselves and then they began to dance or talk with each other.

There were a great many that I had never heard of before. These Oliver Twist introduced to me.

I was watching them dance when two separated from the rest and began to talk. I was able to overhear their conversation.

One was Pip and the other one I had just met. His name was Edwin Drood.

"Well, how are you? You haven't been here lately, have you?" asked Pip.

"No, I was off upstairs in my master's room. He finished me quite awhile ago, but I suppose he forgot to bring me back. I heard mistress say when she put me in my place today that he (my master, I presume,) never put anything back where he found it." "Well, did you have a good time?"

"Oh, fairly good. There were some other people there I had never met before. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I was over at a neighbor's house for a couple of days," answered Pip.

"Really? You are a lucky fellow."

"Say, over there they don't have many books, but music! Whew! (here Pip whistled softly) just 'scads' of it. And at twelve all the singers of the records come out for their frolic. Oh! I say it was certainly splendid to hear them sing."

Here the two fellows moved away and again joined the dance. I was so surprised on hearing the conversation of these two characters. Who would ever think of their enjoying music! They seemed to think it wonderful to go to another house. You really can't blame them, though. It must be terrible to be shut up in one room or house all your life.

I turned my thoughts back to the rest of them. Back and forth they were dancing as light as feathers. The only music they had was a chant sung in unison. It sounded very weigh

When they seemed to be at the height of their fun, the clock struck one and every one scurried back to his book.

Suddenly I felt a tugging at my shoulder and somelimbed upon my shoulder and while there had gone fast asleep and had failed to hear the clock strike one. He was struggling to get down. I tried to help him but I could not get him off my arm, when I suddenly awoke to find myself pulling at Daddy's hand on my shoulder and murmuring. "Hurry. Oliver, or you'll never come to see me again."

So ended one of the prettiest dreams I have ever had or ever expect to have.

-Mariorie Hall, '20,

The deep, clear night enfolded all the land, Stillness reigned among those glorious mounts, Above, the stars shone cold and radiant; The calm, full moon peeped slowly o'er the peaks Whereon the snow lay glist'ning with silver sheen. Bright, gleaming moon rays struck the leaping falls Which joined the joyous river in the vale, And winding, twisting, writhing, leaping o'er The black, cold rocks, it ran its course to sea; And I stood there and watched it with a thrill.

I stood upon those mighty Rockies there, And the sight which I beheld did thrill me through; Like a silver ribbon winding 'round the vale The little river shimmered, laughed, and played. But high upon the peaks the moonbeams lit; The glistening snow sheet capped their majesty. The stars peeped slowly from the blackened blue And they beheld the scene that I saw too.

-Clara Hogan, '20.

# THE CRATHORNE CUP AND SAM JONES'S HABILIMENTS



XCITEMENT was running high at the Melton High School. The annual track meet was to take place that Saturday and the final possession of the bitterly-fought-for Crainborne Cup

was to be determined. Three high schools, Melvin, Lortin, and Hopkins, had each won twice. It was generally conceded that one of these schools would win for the third and last time. So it is not surprising to know that the meet was the all-absorbing topic of the week.

Each day, after school was out, more than two score ambitious aspirants could be regularly seen shot-putting, pole vaulting, sprinting, and in general attempting to perfect themselves in the fine art of the cinder track. A casual observer's eye, however, would have undoubtedly stopped on Samuel E. Jones. Not that he was particularly out of the ordinary as an athlete-not at all. When, however, he heaved his long attenuated frame into the air, trying to negotiate the bar at the dizzy height of eleven feet, his green suit, striped with yellow, in combination with his glaring shock of red hair, made so bright a spot in the spring atmosphere that the passer-by's glance was inevitably drawn by the spectacle. Jones's schoolmates had chaffed him unmercifully for a long time about his peculiar raiment, but gradually they had become accustomed to it, so that now they did not crack more than a fleeting smile at the incongruous sight.

Jones was not considered of championship timber.

Melton High pinned its hopes of obtaining the tempting prize on Martin and Kimton, the two shining lights of its athletic galaxy of stars. Jones was passed off with a smile.

"If he could make another half-a-dozen inches, of course, but—" The deprecating gesture of the hands which followed the above remark always seemed to imply that those extra inches weren't there.

The coaches had also ceased trying to make Jones a star performer.

"He just naturally can't get his body over that bar," was the head instructor's dictum.

Time passed, the week slipped by—and Saturday morning dawned, the sun rising as usual seemingly unperturbed by the very momentous events which were to be decided that day. The place of the meet was Melton Stadium, which had been put into perfect shape by the caretakers.

The morning was over, dinner was eaten—and people began to assemble on the grounds. Not a cloud and only a mere breath of air. At 2:00 promptly, the various events began to be reeled off.

The race was as expected, neck and neck. Five points the school having the greatest aggregate would be proclaimed winner. Event after event was determined and still the three schools ran an even race. Lortin and Hopkins drew, however, slightly ahead, so that when the contenders

for the very last event were called out, Lortin had thirtythree, Hopkins thirty-two, and Melton thirty-one. Lortin, however, had no pole-vaulter of any note, so that the cup lay between Hopkins and Melton. Melton had to have a first to win. It was a case of first or nothing.

As may be imagined, the rooters were hoarse by this time, but still the yell leaders were able to arouse their supporters to one more effort and so the rival yells echoed back and forth as the competitors gripped the poles and prepared to uphold their honor by defeating the opponents.

Martin, Jones, and Brown were the Melton candidates.
Mellis and Hall, two state-wide celebrities, were entered by
Hopkins.

The vaulting began. As was expected, the Lortin entries were soon eliminated. At ten feet ten inches three outsiders remained besides Martin, Jones, Mellis, and Brown. Hall had been eliminated. At eleven feet only Jones. Martin, and Mellis were left.

"Jones is doing fine today—lots better than usual, but here's his finish," remarked a rooter as the bar went up another inch. But here a calamity happened—from Melton's view-point. Mellis had safely sailed over, but Martin's pole had slipped a trifle and his foot knocked the bar down! A groan went up from the Melton bleachers and a yell of triumph from the Hopkinites. Many got up and began going out. Jones was past his limit while Mellis was good for several inches more, so what was the use?

Jones, with his freckled, emotionless face, carefully gripped the pole, ran and went safely over the bar! For the first time the rooters noted that he was using a peculiar

motion, half-jerk, half-twist, to get himself over—a movement he had never been seen to use in practice.

"Norton has a card up his sleeve," ran the whisper among the resuscitated rooters of Melton High; "we might have known it."

Norton was the head coach.

The whisper became a shout when Jones was seen safely to negotiate the slender bar at eleven feet four. Everybody rose—all sensed that a climax was approaching. They were not disappointed. At eleven six, Mellis failed, while Jones, using that same baffling motion, made it easily! The Crathorne Cup was Melton's! Forgotten were the smiles which Jones's clothes had elicited—everything was forgotten except the fact that Jones had won the cup. A yelling mob of fanatics almost tore him to pieces in its exberant joy. Jones went home on willing shoulders—the focus of admiring eyes, the hero of the day! Norton came in for a share of the congratulations, to be sure. He wasn't forgotten. But he disclaimed all credit.

"I never taught him that twist," he energetically exclaimed as joyous students were tearing him almost to little bits with their hand-shakes, slaps, etc.

"Aw, don't be so modest," the fellows shouted almost in a body. No one would believe him. Yes—there was one.

As they were going home, Barker, one of Norton's best friends, looked at him quizzically and said, "You want to know where he got that little cup-winning twist? You do? Well, let's go in here and I'll tell it to you over a soda."

And here's what he related, when a soda or so had been consumed.

"Yesterday afternoon," Barker began, "I was passing by the Jones farm—it's two miles out of town, you know in my car. My tire blew just in front of it. I had just finished fixing it up and was mopping my forehead, the afternoon being warm, when I saw something happen which fully explains Jones's unique performance—otherwise totally incomprehensible.

He had rigged up some poles and was trying to polevault right there in the pasture. He had that crazy track suit on. A herd of prize cows and a big imported bull were grazing a little distance away. Well, when Jones started sailing through the air, he made a conspicuous spot"—here both smiled reminiscently, "in the spring air; a splotch of color, so to speak. The bull saw Jones and probably took him for a toreador. Anyway, he charged. Jones saw him coming. He let out an ear-splitting yell and started to run, the bamboo pole stil clutched in his hands. In the middle of the pasture was a haystack—a dozen or so feet in height. Jones saw that he couldn't make the fence—the stack was near. He took a chance and in desperation tried to vault up. As I have said, the stack was close to twelve feet in height. He almost made it, but not quite. Just as I thought that he would begin falling back, he made that peculiar twist which we all have seen today and by those means he safely landed! What no one could teach him, sheer terror did! So I guess the credit for the cup really belongs to Jones's habiliments and his father's peevish bull. Not so?"

-Arnold Lieberman, '20.

Across the gray-blue, storm-tossed lake, Whose crested waves rise high, Where a solitary, lonely gull Swoops down from the leaden sky; Across the lake are cities fair,
With shining towers and spires,
All bright with fluttering bannerets
And windows that glow like fires.

But seen from afar 'neath low gray skies, They seem indistinct and dull; And the gray waves hide with their dashing spray The solitary gull.

-Dorothy Greenwald, '20.

#### OLIVIA MARY'S RAG RUG



LIVIA MARY sat on the doorstep propping her chin up in her hands. The quaint little girl with her long, full skirt and her two glossy braids was thinking deeply. She was oblivious to everything about her, even the garden with

its bright flowers over which gay butterflies hovered.
"Olivia Mary," called a voice from the house.

"Yes, Grandmother," replied the girl with a start. She rose reluctantly and entered the cool, dim kitchen.

"You had better sweep the garden paths," said her grandmother, "and put on your sunbonnet."

Olivia took a broom and went out to sweep the yellowed leaves from the paths. It was a task that she enjoyed.

Grandmother Carter sat peeling apples in a chintzcovered chair near the window. She was a rosy-cheeked, plump little person who made one think of mince pies, cookie jars, and peppermint drops. Despite her pleasant appearance, Grandmother Carter had very decided ideas, particularly about the way children should be "brought up". Olivia Mary, who had been reared according to her grandmother's theories, could do everything that Grandmother had been accustomed to do in her childhood. She could cook, churn, knit, sew, and even make old-fashioned braided rugs. She had made a sampler, too, bordered with odd-looking flowers and the A. B. C's.

Meanwhile, Olivia Mary had been thinking as she swept. "These ladies that stopped here for water one day liked Grandmother's rugs." she mused. She remembered the proud manner with which Grandmother had refused their offers to buy the rugs. "Fifty dollars is a lot of money but perhaps I could make a little money if I made a rug and sold it. I think I'll try."

Olivia Mary, who was not at all fond of sewing, surprised her grandmother by her request for a difficult braided pattern. Grandmother offered to help her, but Olivia Mary said she wished to make it without help.

The little girl spent many precious hours that might have been enjoyed out of doors in working on her rug. It was harder to make than any other she had tried and she often became very tired of the work. At last, however, the rug was finished. Olivia Mary was very proud of it.

One day soon after the rug had been completed, Olivia Mary went up to her room, broke her clay bank, and tied the money that it contained in her handkerchief. Then she wrapped up her rug and slipped out the back way, calling to Grandmother that she was going to the woods. Instead of setting out for the woods, however, she started toward the railroad station.

When she reached the station, she bought a ticket for Winchester, a large city near her home. She got on the train and settled herself on a seat. She felt very important and grown-up.

Having arrived in Winchester, Olivia Mary asked a big policeman the way to Browne's store. She found it without much trouble and at once sought the rug department. When she said she had a rug to sell, she was taken to the head of the department.

"And why do you want to sell this fine rug?" asked the gentleman to whom she was taken.

"It's my own," returned Olivia Mary quickly. "I made it and I want to make some money. I need fifty dollars."

The gentleman smiled. "Your price is rather high; I can't pay that much for it, but we might auction it."

Olivia Mary agreed, although she wasn't quite sure what he meant. She followed him to where a group of people was standing. The man told them about the rug and Olivia Mary's need for money. Interested, they began to bid and the price of the rug rose rapidly. At last Olivia Mary heard "Forty-five" called,—then "Fifty"!

The rug was sold, and in Olivia Mary's hands were crisp bills amounting to fifty dollars. "Now I must go back to Grandmother." she declared with shining eyes.

It was late when Olivia Mary reached home. Her grandmother was worried and displeased at her long absence, but all her annoyance was dispelled at Olivia Mary's happiness in being able to buy a *Liberty Bond* of her very own.

-Dorothy Greenwald, '20.

# TRANQUILLITY

In the east the sun is gliding, gently gliding out of sight.

The autumn sky is radiant, golden as the glimmering orb
takes flight.

The orange and red and purple gently merge and fade away As the sombre, soothing shadows of the twilight dispel the last gleams of day. The very air seems full of stillness—solemn, soothing, full of peace.

The waters of the river seem to sense the quietude and on its surface e'en the ripples cease.

The last bright rays of sunshine by the mirroring waters are deflected

As on this moving, glass-like surface the changing sky is seen reflected.

Behind me, in the forest, evening breezes gently blow And the silent watchers of the woods whisper to me a story old

Of the peace there is in God's great out-of-doors,

If we only go to find it far away from crowds and strife and
wars.

-Glenn Rearick, '20.

Fifty-seven

# HER THANKSGIVING



HEN Mary Ryan stepped out into the narrow, wind-swept street lined with tall, monotonous, dull, frame tenement buildings, she drew her threadbare shawl more closely about her shoulders, and pushing her big market-basket

up on her arm, put her hands deeper into the pockets of her none too heavy coat, and braced herself against the sharp, shrieking blast. But, in spite of the cold, Mary's care-worn face was bright with benevolence and happiness.

"For I will not worry about it," she had kept repeating to herself awhile before as she tucked the comforts more closely about John Ryan, all the while cheerily saying aloud, "Ah, sich a dinner as we'll have—you and me, Jawn. Shure, an' it's lucky I finished that piece o' work before Thanksgivin', Jawn. But oh' if Jim was only home," she had sighed and then turned quickly not to let John see the tears in her blue eyes. But the shadow had still lurked in them when she turned to give him his medicine—for John had been very ill—and the doctor bill was heavy.

"Niver mind, Mary," he had said, patting her hand.
"Jim'll soon be home, and shure I'll be up and aroun' agin
in a few days." So Mary had smiled and hurried out to get
the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner.

Now, as she hurried across Mason Street and turned a corner, she suddenly came upon a familiar figure.

"Oh! top o' the morning to you, Mary," said a pleasant, youthful voice. It was her friend, Mrs. Lewis, who lived

far from this part of the city, but often came to this district to help better the conditions there, work which she tactfully called her "business".

"Shure, and the rest of the day to you, mum," laughed Mary, quickly.
"Thanksgiving marketing—is that it?" asked Mrs.

Lewis, noticing her big market-basket. Then, without waiting for an answer, she said, "How is John, Mary?"

"Shure an' he's better, thank you," answered Mrs. Ryan. "But he'd be mighty cheered to see you."

"Well, I'll try to come to see you both this evening. And, Mary," continued Mrs. Lewis, "that last piece of lace was beautiful. I still owe you some for it." And before the astonished Mary could protest she had slipped several bills into the cold hand and hastily disappeared around the corner.

"Well!" exclaimed Mary, bewildered, after she realized she had been standing there on the street for some moments. "Now I'll have a plenty to buy the dinner with and more, too, and maybe come home on the car." Then she hurried on, planning what to buy.

When she reached the crowded market district, the shadow again came into her blue eyes, for across the street she saw several khaki-clad soldiers, one tall and broadshouldered like her Jim.

"But I won't worry," she again said to herself. "He'll come home, he'll come home. But ah—I haven't heard for so long!"

Through the market she went, purchasing here and there until her basket was finally filled with good things, and then she started home. While she was crossing a crowded street, a particularly strong sweep of snow blinded her for an instant. Then—no one, not even Mary, knew just how it happened—there was a cry, and a crowd gathering found Mary lying in the street.

"Why don'tcha look where you're going?" came a gruff vote from a machine. Then, without even inquiring as to the injuries done, the man sped off. Mary, stunned, but not hurt, raised herself and said, "I'm not hurt—I'm not hurt." She pushed back the wisps of gray hair, and looked around for her basket. It was a little way off, her packages strewn on the street, apples, potatoes, nuts—all scattered. With one quick, remorseful glance, she looked at the crowd, picked up the basket and the few packages still left intact. But pride was there in her heart, and she could not bring herself to collect all the scattered vegetables—no, not in view of those people. She turned slowly back in the direc-

tion from which she had just come. She could not ride home now—no! "But what will I tell Jawn—what can I tell him?" she asked herself. "Ah, I mustn't let 'im know, I mustn't let 'im worry, poor soul." She walked on, heedless of the wind and cold, worrying, planning.

When she came near her home at last, she was frightened to find a crowd of neighbors standing in front of the building. What could have happened? The rent?—but no, that was paid. She hastened her pace. The group stood aside to let her enter and she did not notice the happy smiles on their good faces.

Entering the room, she gave one quick glance around, and then—

"Jim!" came her faint cry.

"Oh mother!" The two big, strong arms tenderly clasped the frail, trembling figure. Mary's Jim had come home.

-Clara Hogan, '20.

I wish I were a butterfly
With oh! such silken wings,
That I could fly around the world
And see a host of things.

I'd go from east to west, I think, And then when it was night, I'd fly into some pretty grove And stay in there till light. I know I'd have a lovely time; I'd see all sights, you know, I'd rise up so very high, And then slope down so low.

I'd fly all over Europe From Spain to Germany; And then if I were weary, I'd rest in Italy.

Fifty-nine

I'm sure I'd love to travel
And see all earthly things.
Some day I may make myself
A pair of home-spun wings.
—Miriam Rernstein. '21.





EMERSON FOOTBALL TEAM

# FOOTBALL NOTES FOR SEASON 1919



HE Emerson High School football team played a season against "hard luck". With one of the strongest teams Emerson has ever turned out, she made only a fair showing, considering former years.

The first practice was called for the Monday following the beginning of school and a crew of over forty men turned out. Coach Brasaemle took the veterans in hand, while Coach Erickson took the "Lights" and new men.

The team started out like a whirlwind. In the first game of the season they held the fast Alumni team composed of such stars as "Bud" Szold and "Chuck" Harris, to a 0—0 score. Captain Dunleavy and Sibley did the stellar work for the high school.

In the second game of the season Emerson took East Chicago over to the tune of 33—0. East Chicago had a fairly good team, but they were outclassed throughout the game by the locals and were never within scoring distance. In this game Willis Slosson proved himself to be an end of note, and the entire back-field deserves a great deal of credit for the way they handled the ball.

On the following Saturday Emerson defeated Kentland, last year's state champions, in the fastest game of the season. The team played some wonderful football and the game was without a doubt one of the best ever staged on the Emerson field. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 20—14 in favor of Emerson. The game started with a long kick from Kentland to George Dunleavy. George

ran the ball back 20 yards to Emerson's 40-yard line. Sibley made 20 around end, Dunleavy tore off 30 more, and on the fourth play George went over for a touchdown. Soon after, however, Kentland came back with a touchdown, leaving the score 7-7. The score stayed thus until the last five minutes of the half, when, after a spectacular 40-yard run, Dunleavy went over for Emerson's second touchdown. Wood kicked goal and the half ended 14-7 in Emerson's favor. In the first of the second half Capt. Dunleavy suffered a badly wrenched shoulder and was forced to retire from the game. This was a blow to the team, but they managed to hold throughout the third quarter. In the last quarter, however, with three minutes to play. Kentland pulled a pass from their own 30-yard line. which netted a touchdown. Kentland kicked goal, making the score 14-14 with 21/2 minutes to play. At this stage of the game Frank Quinlan showed his generalship. He called pass after pass. Finally Frank went back himself to pass and threw a perfect pass into the hands of "Red" Smith. who took it over for a touchdown. Wood failed to kick goal. The game ended soon after with Emerson the winner 20 - 14.

With this game, however, Emerson's hard luck began, from which she never recovered sufficiently to regain the pace with which she started at the beginning of the season. First Capt. Dunleavy's injuries proved quite serious and he was forced to quit the game for several weeks. The Emerson lost her fast little quarter-back, Frank Quinlan, who moved out of the city. Quinlan was quarter-back last year and was thoroughly familiar with his position, and there was no one in the Emerson ranks who could exactly fill his shoes. Quinlan had not only proved himself to be a good general in directing the plays but also a splendid defensive player.

The fifth game, with Oak Park, was one that had been anticipated since the beginning of the season. Oak Park had a splendid team and had not been scored on this season; furthermore the two teams had fought to a 6—6 tie last year; and so there was no small amount of rivalry. The day of the big game found Captain Dunleavy out on account of injuries and Quinlan out of school. So with two of the most dependable back-field men out, defeat seemed inevitable. Then in the first five minutes of the game "Red" Smith, who was playing "quarter", was taken out on account of injuries. The team played hard, but it was an uphill fight all the way, and they were lucky to emerge from the fray as easily as they did. The game ended 46—0 in favor of Oak Park.

The next game was scheduled to be played against cancelled the game at the last minute. The Gary Techs were substituted. This game was played more as a practice game than anything else, as the Techs are professionals and a much heavier and more experienced team. The high school was able, however, to hold the Techs to three touchdowns.

The next game was furnished by the Notre Dame preparatory school. It was a fast game throughout and full of excitement, as the Notre Dame team was about as good as it is reputed to be. Ross Sibley did the exceptional work for Emerson. The final score was 12—0 in Emerson's favor.

The biggest game of the season, or at least so considered by the Emerson students, is the game with Hammond. If the team wins every other game on the schedule and loses to Hammond, the season is considered a failure. According to all traditions it was Hammond's year to win, as Emerson had taken the game last year. Nevertheless the Emersonians were determined to win and everybody in Emerson thought they would,-but you can never tell! The game opened with Emerson's receiving the ball from Hammond. In the first five minutes of the game Emerson carried the ball from her thirty-yard line to the Hammond three-vard line. At this point there was a fumble, and Hammond succeeded in getting the ball and punting out into safe territory. This fumble, when a touchdown was so near, entirely broke the Emerson spirit, and not after that did the team show such spectacular work as they had in the first five minutes. The first half was pretty even. Although the ball was most of the time in Hammond's territory. Emerson was not again able to get within scoring distance. George Dunleavy had his injured shoulder hurt again but was determined to finish the game. In the second half Emerson missed a couple of nice passes, while Hammond succeeded in capturing several, thus placing the ball in Emerson's territory. A few minutes later Hammond went over for her first touchdown. About the middle of the half Cearing made a wide end-run, which netted a second counter

for Hammond, and in the last three minutes they registered another, making the score 20—0 in Hammond's favor when the whistle blew.

The next game was with Mishawaka and the Emersonians were determined to avenge on their visitors their defeat by Hammond. The game opened with almost an entirely new backfield. Coach Brasaemle afterwards stated that had he employed this lineup against Hammond, there was no question in his mind but that they would have won. Ray was shifted to end, E. Smith to right half, Ross Sibley from quarter to his old position at left half; and Frank Sibley was placed at quarter, while Dunleavy remained at full-back. The game was more of a massacre than anything else. In the first quarter they "racked up" 21 points, and in the first few minutes of the second quarter 14 more. Then they slowed up a bit and a few substitutes were put in. Emerson took the game to the tune of 49—0.

The first game that had ever been played between Emerson and Froebel, in football, and which involved the city championship, was next. Froebel had played against Hammond and had been defeated only 18—12, while Emerson had been defeated 20—0. The Froebel fans took this as a sure sign that Emerson would be defeated by the south siders, but changed their minds after the game was over.

In the first quarter of the game Emerson pushed the ball down to Froebel's 3-yard line, and Frank Sibley went over for the first touchdown. Froebel then carried the ball down to Emerson's 17-yard line, but could get no farther until one of the Emerson men was penalized fifteen yards, for holding. This placed the ball on the Emerson two-yard line. Froebel went over, on the fourth down, but missed goal, leaving the score 6—6. The half ended with Emerson on the Froebel four-yard line.

In the second half George Dunleavy kicked to Froebel. The ball rolled over the Froebel goal line and Alvin Wood fell on it. There was a dispute as to whether a touchdown should be counted or not, but the referee and umpire ruled in favor of Emerson. Several times more during the third quarter the Emerson boys were able to push the ball down to Froebel's 5 or 10-yard line but could not get over for another touchdown. Then in the fourth quarter George Dunleavy threw a beauty of a pass to Ross Sibley and Ross carried the ball over for the third touchdown. Not more than two or three minutes later a pass was tried by the south siders, which Ross Sibley intercepted and placed once more on the other side of the Froebel line. Edwin Smith, at right half, deserves much credit for his work in this game. He did not make any spectacular long runs, but he was good for five yards every time he was given the ball, and not once was he thrown for a loss. The score stood 26-6 in favor of Emerson when the final whistle sounded.

On Thanksgiving Day the team went to Elgin for a post-season game. This game was not on the regular schedule and its main purpose was to give the boys a little trip and good time, for the hard work they had done during the season. As a good time, the trip was a 'howling' success, but as a football game it was a failure. To begin with, the Elgin field was covered with snow and the boys nearly froze. Then the Elgin team was out for blood and wanted to beat Emerson at any cost, while the Emersonians

didn't care. At the end of the first half Coach Erickson took out Dunleavy and Sibley and some of the other regulars and put in "subs". We never did find out exactly what the score was, because we didn't bring any adding machines along, and the score was too large to keep in our heads. Some people said it was 1000-6 in favor of Elgin, while others said it was only 500-6 in their favor. As nearly as we can figure, we think it was 67-6 in their favor. I'll have to tell you how Emerson got her six points. To begin with the Emerson fellows had been missing so many nice passes, each one of which should have netted a touchdown. that the Elgin team commenced to think that they couldn't catch one and every time one was thrown they would just stand and wait for the Emerson fellow to drop it, which he usually did. Well, to make a long story short, Eddie Smith got in the way of an Elgin pass and, for some unknown reason, forgot to drop it. Away went Smith with the whole Elgin team after him, and as he passed the spectators, he was heard to say, "Feet, do your duty, mo' speed, mo' speed." However, they didn't catch him until he was over the line. The fellows had a good time in Chicago that evening, and their football season was considered complete.

#### LINE-UP

G. Dunleavy (Capt.), F. B.

Ross Sibley, L. H.
Ed. Smith, R. H.
Ed. Shith, R. H.
Ed. Shith, R. H.
Ed. Shith, R. H.
Ed. Shith, R. Justine, G. Kelso, Guard, End.
E. Ray, End.
E. Ray, End.
E. Stimson, Half.
G. Kelso, Half.
G. Kelso, Half.

-Roswell Johnson, '20.

# LIGHTWEIGHTS

The Emerson Lightweights had one of the best seasons during their existence. The Lightweights in former years were mostly used in scrimmage with the heavy-weights, but this year they had a schedule of their own, playing seven games. The first game was with the Gary Independents. The Independents had such stars as Frank Sibley and Carl and Theodore Johnson. This was the first game of the "Lights" and they being inexperienced, the Independents won 12—0.

The second game was played with the Froebel "Lights". The first half ended 0—0, but the Emerson team showed their superjority by making three touchdowns during the

second half. Sid. Goldman and John Wallace starred for Emerson. The final score was 19-0.

The third game was played on Emerson Field against Hammond. This game was a one-sided affair and never throughout the game did Hammond have a chance. The game ended 29—0 in favor of Emerson.

On the following Saturday Emerson "Lights" played Froebel a return game. This time they were on their own field and ran up a larger score; 32—0 in Emerson's favor was the final count.

The fifth game was the big game of the season for the "Lights". It was with the Michigan City heavyweights.



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM

The feature of the game was the difference in weight of the two teams. Michigan City averaged 155 lbs., while Emeson averaged only 120 lbs. In fact, when the two teams came on the field, one looked like a bunch of giants while the other looked like midgets. The Emerson crew played a hard and fast game and at the end of the first half the score was 10—0 in their favor, but in the second half the heavier team was able to make two touchdowns while the Emersons fumbled on the Michigan City 1-foot line. The game ended 13—10 in favor of Michigan City. Sam Ruman did the spectacular work for Emerson.

On the following Saturday a return game was played with Hammond. The Emersonians had seven regulars out on account of ineligibility. However, they trimmed Hammond 3—0. The feature of the game was Sturtridge's drop-likek from the forty-yard line.

The final game was played against the Independents. This time the Lights were out to avenge their defeat of earlier in the season, and succeeded in trimming them 6—0. Score:—Emerson Lights, 99: Opponents, 25.

# LINE-UP

R. Johnson (Capt.) R. E., F. B. Sam Ruman, L. H.
Ed. O'Hara, Q.
Sid. Goldman, R. H.
Vic. Salmi, L. H. and F. B.
H. McCormick, End.
G. Greenberg, L. T.
F. Soloman, R. T.
Bob Pickard, C.
Bob Pickard, C.

-Roswell Johnson, '20.

# BASKETBALL SEASON 1919-20



HEN the basketball season opened it looked as if Emerson had a splendid chance for the state championship, as there were four of last year's regulars still in school, Dunleavy, Smith, R. Sibley, and Wood. When the night of the

first practice came, however, the chances did not look so good, for Sibley was the only one of last year's first string men who reported for practice. Dunleavy, Smith, and Wood were all out on account of football injuries.

Coach Erickson did his best to make a winning team

from his recruits, and when the night of the first game came, it looked as if he had succeeded pretty well. As the Emerson Gym was being made over, the team was forced to play all its games, during the first of the season, on the Y. M. C. A. floor.

The first game was with Hyde Park, of Chicago. Ross and Frank Sibley played the forward positions, with Sturtridge at center, while Rappeport and Stimson were at guard.

The half ended with Emerson in the lead, the score



EMERSON BASKETBALL TEAM

being — to —. They continued to hold the lead up until the last two minutes, when they seemed to lose their "pep", and Hyde Park took the game 21—17.

With practically the same lineup Emerson lost the two games, also. The first was lost to East Chicago 19—18. This game was played on the East Chicago floor. The second game was lost to Lebanon 27—15.

In the next game, with Rochester, both Captain Dunleavy and Eddie Smith made their appearance and in consequence the Emerson team took the down-staters over to the tune of 24—19.

The following week, the first game with Froebel was awayd in the Froebel gym. The south siders were out to avenge their football defeat, and in fact, during the first half it was a pretty fast game. During the second half, however, the Emerson team put up a stiffer defense, and the Froebelites were able to make only six points in the latter half. The final score stood 32—18 in favor of Emerson.

The next game was with Valpo. Valpo had won ten straight games, in fact, every one she had played, while Emerson had only won two out of five, and besides the team was still crippled because of some of the first string men were still out of the game. Valpo was confident of an overwhelming victory, but nevertheless the home team put up a stiff fight and had the large end of the score most of the time until Captain Dunleavy was injured and forced

to retire from the game. Valpo won a hard-fought battle 28—24.

The next game was with Hammond on the Hammond floor. The Hammond men were familiar with the floor, which had several posts down the center to hide behind, while the Emerson team was not, and Hammond took the game 23—15.

After this game, however, the boys began to hit their stride and took the next games by large scores. They defeated Plymouth 20—15, Valpo 22—18, East Chicago 33—16, Whiting 26—25, Elgin 44—13, Brook 42—20, Froebel 66—20, and Elgin 29—27.

Then came the sectional tournament, which Emerson word easily, even with F. Sibley not able to play. They won by defeating East Chicago 22—9, Rensselaer 33—15, Valpo 36—18, and Whiting 20—17.

The team then went down state, where they had some they hard luck. They won the first game against Veedersburg by a large score, but they dropped the second game to Bedford. They could not hit the basket at all in the first half and at the half time bell the score was 11—3 against them. In the second half they came back strong and were running neck and neck until Dunleavy was put out on personals. The game ended 23—12 in Bedford's favor.

The lightweight team also had a good season, playing in all about ten games, most of which they won. They defeated the fast Emerson night school team and the Hobart first team by larve scores.



EMERSON SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

## TRACK



HE Track season opened as it did last year, with the 2½-mile cross-country race. Aldrich won the race, with Gerdes, Rearick, Robbins, Brigss, and Stimson finishing close behind.

The following Wednesday the class track meet was held, which the seniors easily won, without the aid of Dunleavy or Smith.

The triangular meet between Emerson, Hammond, and Whiting was the next event of importance. Hammond finished first. Emerson second, and Whiting third.

The county meet was held at Crown Point. Captain

Dunleavy was the chief point-getter for Emerson, taking

first in the shot put, high and low hurdles. Emerson won the relay and tied with Hammond in the field events, winning the cup on the toss-up.

In the Northern Indiana meet Captain Dunleavy took individual honors by winning three first places, shot-put, high and low hurdles. Goldman won second in the 220-yard dash, which qualified him for the state meet.

At the state meet Dunleavy won first in the high hurdles, and undoubtedly would have won the low hurdles, but he tripped over the eighth hurdle. Even then he finished fourth.

# BASEBALL



HERE was more interest shown in baseball this year than for a number of years, as baseball has come to be a minor sport at Emerson.

The class games were unusually interesting and some very good games were turned out. Each class was supposed to play nine games.

The Varsity team played a total of five games and could have had more if it had been so desired. The team played Froebel three times; Garrett, and Whiting.

# WON BY PERSUASION



ARCUS TIBERIUS DOME was a freshman at the University of Blankville, and much to the disgust of his father, would not take part in any of the athletic sports at college. M. T. Dome was not a bad sort of a chap although he

had the ambition of a turtle and the backbone of a jellyfish, and the most strenuous thing he ever did was to play an occasional game of ping-pong, and his fellow classmates did not know whether to kill him or let him suffer. One night about a week before the great inter-class track meet he was surprised to see the captain of the freshman team pay him a visit. After a very heated argument he was convinced that he was about the only one in school who had no class spirit, but was told by the captain that if he had any, he would come out for practice on the following night.

The following night the track captain was surprised

Seventy-one



EMERSON TRACK TEAM

to see old M. T. Dome out for practice in his very best outfit, which was red track pants and a very vivid green toppiece. After a few nights of practice M. T. Dome did not show much improvement, much to the sorrow of the ambitious young track captain. After the last practice all the boys were called together and told to get to bed that evening because they needed all the rest they could possibly get.

That night for the first time in his life M. T. Dome reguly wondered whether he could win on the following day, but at last he fell into an unrestful slumber. He was up the next morning at the break of day, and after having his breakfast, he went back to his room and loafed until dinner time. After dinner he went to the dressing room and put on his track outfit. The meet had started and the seniors and freshmen were running a pretty close race for school honors. The seniors had won the hundred-yard dash and the freshmen had got only a second place. The freshmen won the high and low hurdles while the seniors won the quarter and half mile, much to the delight of the dignified seniors. This did not dishearten the freshmen.

by three points and only the broad-jump lay between them and victory.

There happened to be at the meet that day a "billy goat", which was the mascot of the senior class. The announcer had just started to read the names of the contestants, and when M. T. Dome heard his name read, his heart came near going through his track shoes. At last it came M. T.'s turn to jump, and after he had jumped, the freshmen threw up their hands in despair, for M. T. had not even come close to his opponent's marks. The freshman track captain was not to be beaten without a fight, so he went and got the billy goat and when the innocent M. T. Dome was ready for his last jump, the goat was put in a position where he espied the red track pants, and M. T. Dome had no sooner started for the take-off board than Billy took after that vivid red only a few yards ahead of him. Just as M. T. Dome reached the board, the goat connected with M. T. Dome. The shock was so great that it took M. T. Dome many minutes to come to and take in the situation: nevertheless he was a very proud boy when he found out that he had won the track meet for the freshman —George Dunleavy, '20. class.

# GIRLS' ATHLETICS

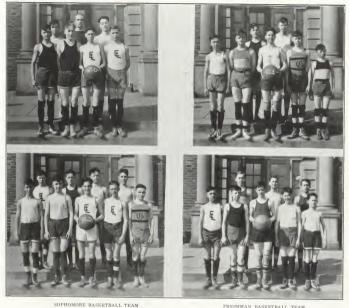


NDER the supervision of Miss Bruns, and with the assistance of Mr. Gilroy, athletics for girls in the Emerson High School have grown and prospered more each year.

Basketball has always been the most popular indoor sport for girls; but with the inter-class hockey tournament, which the fast senior team won after a hard

fight with the freshmen, hockey proved to be the only out-door sport.

During the year of 1919, the high school girls took part in a tennis tournament, which Miss Bruns arranged and managed. Gladys Hancock won the singles and was awarded a gold pin. This is the third time Gladys has won the tennis championship.



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

The girls have also played considerable baseball, both indoor and outdoor. Volley ball has also been a minor sport.

The outdoor May Festival is one of the biggest events in the school year, and one for which preparations begin months before. This is practically a girls' affair, and the features are drills and dances.

The Emerson-Froebel game at Froebel was the opening hockey game of the season. The girls were conveyed there in machines by Mr. Swartz and Mr. Gilroy. The game was hard and fast although Emerson lost by a score of 8—5. After the game, the Emerson girls were given a dancing party.

Two weeks later, a return game was scheduled at Emerson. Since the team work of Emerson was much improved, the Emersonians showed their skillful playing and defeated the Froebelites with a score of 4—3. Both teams plaved exceptionally well.

The class games which followed held a more important place in our school activities than ever before. The first game was between the juniors and freshmen. The freshmen were too clever for the juniors and defeated them by a sore of 3—2.

The next game was played between the seniors and sophomores. This was a fast game, with both teams fighting desperately to the end. Dagmar Brink, Dorothy Davis, and Clara Hogan starred in this game, which ended with a score of 4—2 in favor of the seniors.

The final game was between the freshmen and seniors to determine the championship. This game was fast, and

each team showed an aggressive fighting spirit. The seniors scored first when Dorothy Davis, with the help of the forward line, knocked the ball through the freshmen's goal. This did not discourage them, however, because they immediately tied the score. During the last few minutes of play, Clara Hogan scored a point, giving the victory to the seniors. Marie Keilhocker played an exceptionally good game and was the individual star of the freshmen.

The following is the line-up of the different teams:-

Seniors—Marjorie Hall, Dorothy Davis, Martha Hammond (Capt.), Bernice Wilson, Clara Hogan, Dagmar Brink, Malvina Onson, Mary O'Hara, Madge Fogler, Olive Surman, and Ellen Strom.

Juniors—Margaret Gale, Nadine Thornburg, Lavina Marshall, Eva Wilson, Thelma Aptekman, Annette Peterson, Margaret Neff, Jean Davidson, Mary White, and Alice Heintz.

Sophomores—Edna Fuller, Beatrice Nesbit, Lillian Heflich, Helen Fogler, Helen Hay, Margaret Gross, Virginia Chase (Capt.), and Marguerite MacNeill.

Freshmen—Marie Keilhocker, Irene Parsons, Berdena Troutman, Gertrude Greenwald, Ruth Johnson, Ellen Rooda, Mary Kendrick, Gudrun Egeberg, Lois Garwood, and Ednah Bowler.

In honor of the senior girls a hockey party was given in the lunch room. The tables were beautifully decorated and arranged in the form of the letter "H". Many interesting toasts were given; the best was given by the captain of the freshman team. After the banquet the girls went to the gymnasum, where they spent a few hours dancing.



EMERSON BASEBALL TEAM

There were no outside games played by the basketball girls. Great enthusiasm was shown by the student body at the inter-class basketball tournament.

The first game was between the sophomores and juniors, in which the juniors were defeated by a score of 8—4. In this game fine playing was shown, especially by Martha Taylor, Fanny Lakin, and Marguerite MacNeill.

The freshman-senior game was next played. This a good, scrappy contest, and showed that the girls can present a game that is as interesting as the boys'. A large crowd of rooters came out to see the game and encourage the teams. The seniors opened the game with skillful team work by Dagmar Brink and Malvina Onson; but this did not discourage their opponents, who continued to score. At the end of the first half the score was 7—5 in favor of the seniors. The crowd went wild over the victory, which showed the seniors did not have an easy game against the tough little freshmen. Gertrude Greenwald, Gudrun Egeberg, and Dorothy Murphy played excellent team work for the freshmen.

The sophomore-senior game was played to decide the championship. This was a hard game and ended in a tie 7—7. This tie was played off in a second game which gave the victory to the seniors. This is the second time the seniors have won the championship of hockey and baskethall.

The line-up is as follows:

SENIOR TEAM

Centers Forwards
Malvina Onson, Captain Mary O'Hara
Dagmar Brink Olive Surman

Guards

Ellen Strom Gladys Hancock

Dorothy Davis

Centers
Annette Peterson
Blanche Kuehl

Forwards Margaret Gale Margaret Neff

Guards Mary White Lucille Boyd

SOPHOMORE TEAM

Centers Vera Pisarski Helen Hay Forwards Martha Taylor Fanny Lakin

Guards

Edna Fuller Marguerite MacNeill

FRESHMAN TEAM

Centers
Berdena Troutman
Gudrun Egeberg

Forwards Gertrude Greenwald Julia Childs

Guards

Dorothy Murphy Marie Keilhocker

-Mary O'Hara, '20.

Seventy-seven



SOPHOMORE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRESHMAN GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

## CALENDAR

#### SEPTEMBER

- 8. Bob O'Connor decides to return to school.
- 17. First senior class meeting. Officers elected for the year.

#### OCTOBER

- Beat Kentland 21—14. George D. sprains his shoulder. Good work on the part of the whole team.
- 5. "Heinie" leaves. Everybody sorrowful.
- Warned of riots down town. Boys leave school and join strike meeting. Cause enthusiasm among bolsheviki.
- Great excitement at school today. Government troops arrive.
   All the girls are interested.
- 9. Sour ice cream in the lunch room.
- Detectives needed. An alien is discovered right in our school. Miss Kinnard hails from Oak Park.
- Hockey game at Froebel. Froebel won 5—2. We couldn't help being polite at this school.
- Mass meeting before Warsaw game. Harold Heilstedt displays his wonderful vocal talent.

#### NOVEMBER

- 4. Grandpa Blair has a new plaid cap.
- 6. Expression class and S. E. C. attend the performance of King Lear in Chicago at the Olympic. Mrs. Pickard, Miss Lynch, and Miss Peters prove that teachers are human. "Does anybody have five pennies for a nickel?" My, but those sidewalks were slippery. Weren't they, Claudia? Everybody has a good time.
- 11. Armistice Day. Whole two hours of vacation. Isn't it funny how the school board loves us?

- Our bashful little boy, Glenn Rearick, wore a new sweater to school today. We didn't know that you could blush so, Glenn.
- First inter-class hockey games are played. Seniors come out on top, in a game with the sophomores, with a score of 1-0. The freshies won from the juniors. 2-0.
- 18. The seniors and freshmen play a hard hockey game, with the seniors winning 4—3. The freshmen certainly have a good team, but they really shouldn't have such high aspirations.
- Big mass meeting in the auditorium. After a long search the old "Emerson School Spirit" is found. After the meeting the sophomores played the juniors in a hockey game, winning 2-1.
- 21. Dagmar Brink and Gilbert Greenberg try to elope, at least the policeman thought so. It does look suspicious when they hang around the station at 12:30, even though they are waiting for the train for Miller.
- 21. Mr. Spaulding was kind enough to let us have a half hour off
- Thanksgiving. We got out of school for two whole days. That's one thing to be thankful for.
- 29. The football boys go to Elgin. Lose the game but get a good turkey dinner.

#### DECEMBER

- Mr. Spaulding elected sponsor of the senior class. The meeting was short and sweet.
- Miss Bruns has a dancing class for the boys who can't dance.
   All the girls shut out. We weren't even allowed to watch except through the hole in the floor of the new gymnasium.
- Because of the low temperature in the classroom the daily meeting of the S. E. C. was held in the library, much to the interest of those studying at that hour.

- Every spare minute is spent out on the ice. Almost the whole high school stayed after school and had a lot of fun.
- 11. There is much excitement in the S. E. C. Plan to have a "bob"
- Members of the S. E. C. despairingly watch the snow and ice melt and disappear.
- A meeting of the M<sup>2</sup> Club at Arnold's home. Two members, Gilbert G. and Francis H., are initiated. They furnish much amusement for the other members.
- 15. The S. E. C. has a progressive party instead of a bob ride, for a very good reason. There was no snow. Everyone had a good time, including Claudia, George, Marjorie, and Eugene.
- The "eats" left over from the party are finished in the English room after schoool.
- 17. The end of the world-and they wouldn't give us a day off.
- Bids for the Faculty dance are running high. Some people can't get them, and some can't give them away.
- Everybody sleepy and everybody wearing little woollen flowers.
   Freshmen give Dickens' "Christmas Carol".
- Senior class meeting to plan a reunion during vacation. Decide on a "bob" ride to Ross and back on December 26.
- 20. S. E. C. pins arrive. A mad rush to the Saratoga to get them.
- 26. The senior class reunion. There was no snow but there were street cars. Some girls have a nice time spending the night at Faye's and some boys have a long walk.

## JANUARY

- 10. All the senior girls wear their hair down.
- Bids for the Leap Year dance out. The girls find that they are more bashful than they thought they were.
- 15. "Will you write in my 'Girl Graduate'?"
- 23. School dismissed at 2:15 because of the blizzard. They should have called the roll at the Orpheum.
- 26. No school because of the cold rooms.

- 27. First practice of S. E. C. play.
- 29. Junior English class play, "Bardell vs. Pickwick", given.
- 29. Mr. White receives a very interesting letter.
- 30. The basketball boys leave for Rochester and Plymouth.

#### FERRUARY

- 2. Finals! Finals! Finals!
- The senior girls take a hike to the highline. The truck drivers were very obliging.
- 5. Dorothy Davis pleasantly surprised. (?)
- 9. A good many pupils leave school.
- Emerson-Froebel debate.
- 18. Costumes for S. E. C. players arrive. Everyone is excited.
- 20. Sherwood Judson, "I will not soil my dirty hands on him."
- 23. The 10:15 shorthand class forms a club.
- 24. Heated meeting of the senior class. Decide on G. H. S. for the rings.
- 26. The 11:15 shorthand class forms a club. It is called "The Faithful Thirteen". They later find they have fourteen members.

#### MARCH

- 5-6. Won from Valpo and Whiting. Everyone had a wonderful time at Valpo, and the Valpo people certainly were lovely.
- The College Cafeteria at Valpo goes into bankruptcy—also the five and ten.
- 8. "Oh sav, did vou ever hear this one?"
- 11. The basketball boys off for Bloomington.
- Miss Kinnard: "Now, if you will stop listening and begin to talk, I will go on."
- Miss Kinnard fails to show up for the "Trig" class. We all had a good time.
- First night of the Art Exhibition. One of the living pictures seemed very much alive.

- 23. Freshman-Senior basketball game. Freshies won 9-7. One of the freshman guards rode the seniors and one of the senior guards made a lot of fouls (?).
- Well-matched basketball game between seniors and sophies, with the score standing 7—7 after three over-time sessions.
- 26. Emerson-East Chicago debate. Emerson loses at Emerson and wins at East Chicago.

#### APRIL

 Lots of excitement among the seniors. They all disappear about noon.

- 2. Everyone arguing about the hunt. Fiery class meeting.
- Miss Brownfield and Miss Paul entertain the S. E. C. and the Junior English classes in honor of the debating teams.
- 27. Inter-class track meet at Gleason park. Seniors won.
- Rumors around the school. Senior girls have a secret meeting in room 208.
- Lower classmen very indignant. Senior girls give dance in honor of Miss Bruns.
- Last day to order caps, gowns, and invitations. Dues also due.
   Many of the seniors decide not to graduate.

# COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 17, 1920

ORDER OF THE EXERCISES

Overture—March The Emerson School Orchestra
Salutatory
Carmena—Wilson The Emerson School Chorus
Address
The Miller's Wooing—FaningThe Emerson School Chorus
Valedictory
Presentation of the ClassPrincipal E. A. Spaulding
Awarding of the Diplomas Supt. William A. Wirt

Eighty-one





ISS MARCELLA McCORMICK was hostess to a party of friends at a dancing party at her home, 616 Van Buren Street, on Saturday evening, February seventh. The affair was formal and was successful. Dancing continued to a late

hour, when light refreshments were served. The guests were: Misses Marjorie Chaffee, of Valparaiso, Irene Dille, Gladys Daniels, Louise Wood, Helen Hauprich, Missrs. Louis Denton of Valparaiso, Sherwood Judson, Robert O'Connor, Sanford Aldrich, Elwood Glueck, and Edward Wilson.

A jolly crowd of high school students journeyed out to Halfman's barn on the night of November 28. Although it was raining in torrents, the dancers were in high spirits and had a very enjoyable time. Doughnuts and hot chocolate were the refreshments, in keeping with the Hallowe'en season. Miss Erna Bruns and Miss Maurine Heighway acted as chaperones. The music was furnished by Misses Eleanor Best, Clye Barber, and Albert Hardenbrook.

On January 10th, Elwood Glueck entertained some of his friends at a very pretty dancing party at his home, 4300 Adams street. The guests were: Misses Irene Dille, Marjory Clarke, Louise Turnipseed, Margaret Neff, Gladys Daniels, Helen Hauprick, and Clara Hogan. The boys included Sherwood Judson, Harold Heilstedt, Ashbury Harkness, Eugene Dils, Maurice Friedman, Robert O'Connor, Edward Wilson, Laddie Wilson, Carl Johnson, Clarence Starkey, and George Dunleavy.

On December 15, 1919, one of the most enjoyable events of the school year was given by the Senior English Club. The members of the club had decided to have a sleigh ride, but owing to the absence of the snow it was changed into a progressive party. The guests met at the home of Miss Floret Ohrenstein and went from there to the home of Miss Dorothy Davis. Here the guests danced until about 10:30, when they journeyed to the home of Miss Hermine Alschuler, where they played games, Claudia Isay and George Dunleavy providing some entertainment. Later in the evening everyone returned to Miss Ohrenstein's for refreshments. All agreed that they had had a very enjoyable evening and expressed their wishes for another party in the near future.

On January 17, the M<sup>3</sup> Club had a toboggan party at Miller's Beach. The members of the club left about non and "hiked" from the station to Devil's Hollow, where they met Mr. Erickson and several high school boys. The afternoon was spent in tobogganing, skiing, and eating, and the party returned in the evening, tired, but happy.

The high school students were entertained at a Leap and ance given on January 17, by the junior class. This dance was quite a novel affair, since the girls filled out the programs and carried the refreshments to the boys. The grand march was led by Elwood Glueck, the junior president, and Mariory Clark.

On February 5, a surprise party was given at the home of Miss Hermine Alschuler, in honor of Miss Dorothy

Davis, who intended to leave for her new home soon. The first part of the evening was spent in playing bunco. The some of the high school boys arrived, but for once were not able to get in and could do no better than to gaze at the refreshments through the windows. The girls, however, were kind enough to save some of the refreshments for the boys, who greatly enjoyed them, judging from the way they disappeared. The boys then came in and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

A hockey banquet was given on February 17, by the four class teams. The banquet was given in honor of the senior team, the winner of the tournament. The refreshments were prepared by the junior girls. During the dinner each of the captains spoke, and Miss Bruns presented each player with a valentine in the form of an "E". Everyone then went to the girls' gymnasium, where they were

entertained with stunts, charades, and funny songs given by the freshman girls.

Miss Brownfield and Miss Paul entertained the Senior English Club and the 11A English classes at an informal dancing party and dinner on April 15, in honor of those taking part in the Emerson-Froebel and the Emerson-East Chicago debates. The guests assembled in the girls' gymasium at 4:15, where they enjoyed themselves dancing. Here Miss Bruns helped to entertain by leading in several circle dances. The guests then went to the dinning room, which was charmingly decorated in gold and gray. Edwin Smith was toast master and called on several boys for speeches. Sherwood Judson gave a talk entitled, "Woman", Glenn Rearick one on "Emerson"; and Rolland Roley one on the trip to East Chicago. After dinner the guests returned to the gymnasium to dance until "Home, Sweet Home".

Ye soldiers strong of valiant France,
Who bravely met the foe,
And, standing firm in thin blue lines,
Withstood blow after blow;
Ye soldier lads of England,
Who fought with courage high,
Unfurl your brave flags
And fling them to the sky;
Unfurl your glorious tattered flags,
And fling them to the sky.
—Dorothy Greenwald, '20.
June, 1919.

Eighty-four

## THE WANDERER

I took my time along the beach, The wind was from my right: The sun was rising in the east, It was a pretty sight.

The wind was fresh and pure and clean As it heat upon my face: All things were silent, waiting, watching. I felt like saving grace.

The sand beneath my feet was gold. The glistening morning gold. I was a bold, brave buccaneer 'Mid enchanted days of old.

The birds above my head did fly. Keen for the day's hard work; In the dark, blue green of the lake there seemed A deep sea monster lurked.

The sand dunes rose majestically, Crowned by the sun's bright gaze; And I longed to go on forever To the end of all my days.

The scenery lay before me, Inviting, imploring, too; Seemed to call me ever to be going To the end of the dark deep blue.

And the lake then seemed to murmur, As I plodded along its shore: Oh, just come and I can show you Things you never have seen before.

And so I go on forever, And never stop to stay: And nature, it still keeps a-calling: Away! Away! Away!

-Edwin Smith, '20.



## STUDENT COUNCIL



HE Emerson Student Council and the Boosters' Club were almost synonymous this year. Probably the most important work accomplished by the council during the year was the formation of the Boosters' Club, the first of its kind to be

organized in the school.

The council also took up the question of the bicycle shed. A committee was selected from the council members to get plans in readiness for the shed. The committee was: William Phillips, Frank Stimson, and Stewart Taylor. The measurements necessary for the drafting of the plans for the shed were made by the committee, and these, after meeting, the approval of Principal Spaulding, were turned over to Mr. Yeager, of the mechanical drawing department, and the plans were to be drawn up by that department.

The plans, when completed, will be presented by Principal Spaulding to the school board.

The idea of the Boosters' Club rankled in the hearts of loyal boosters of the school for some time during the fall, until finally at a mass meeting the affair came to a head and

it was decided, with a little opposition, however, to have the student council supervise and control the new club. The student council accordingly appointed a committee of representative students and the Boosters' Club was officially formed.

The members of the student council for the year were: president, William Phillips, senior; vice-president, Enid Holmes, senior; Stewart Taylor, junior; Eleanor Best, junior; Frank Stimson, sophomore; Vera Pisarski, sophomore; Robert Beattie, freshman; and Lillian Oglesby, secretary freshman.

As Robert Beattie, freshman, was promoted to the sophomore class at the end of the first semester, and Vera Pisarski, sophomore, was promoted to the junior class at the same time, it was necessary to elect new members of the council from these classes. The class presidents were notified and new representatives were to be chosen from the two classes.

-By William T. Phillips, Organization Editor.

Far down the long and wand'ring road, green-veiled With budding trees that, meeting overhead, A latticed arch of twining branches form, The clear lake lies, deep-set in living green, And mirrors in its depths the encircling hills. A birch tree, standing on the wooded height, Gleams pale amid the sombre, lofty pines, A single star, pure-shining 'mid dark clouds. Its last rich rays outpoured, the sun sinks slow And, passing, floods the lake with ruddy light.

— Dorothu Greenwald, '20.

— Dorothu Greenwald, '20.



STUDENT COUNCIL

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



ORGANIZATION that was a real booster for the school and was constantly working for the good of the school was the Athletic Association. Athletic affairs always playing an important part in the school life at Emerson, naturally the

association was always at work, and its president, Francis Heydorn, did commendable work.

The business side of the games held during the season was a small matter for the association. At the end of the football season the school was ahead to the extent of \$292.55, and at the end of the basketball season the association had to its credit \$406.08.

This is the first year that the association has come out ahead in its business dealings, but, of course, the track season could not be considered at this writing, and the school usually loses a little financially during the track season.

The members of the association are: president, Francis Heydorn, senior; vice-president, Emerald Ray, freshmar; secretary, Mary O'Hara, senior; finance committee, Margaret Gale, junior; Francis Heydorn; Alvin Wood, sophomore; Harold Heilstedt, junior; Marjorie Tucker, sophomore; Julia Childs, freshman.

—By William T. Phillips, Organization Editor.





Eighty-nine



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



HE Emerson Auditorium League, another new organization this year, was formed under the direction of Assistant Superintendent G. W. Swartz, for the purpose of promoting interest in debate, oratory, declamation, parliamentary

usage, topical discussions, current events, and writing, "by making the widest possible use of the auditorium stage and platform on the part of the pupils themselves."

The motto of the new league is "Carry On". The membership is composed of auditorium students who are in good standing.

The organization consists of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and committees. The committees each have three members and the term of service is so arranged that only one member of each committee leaves office at one time.

The committees form a central council, the members of which elect officers who serve a term of eight weeks,

Meetings of the central council are held on the first Tuesday of each month during the entire school year.

The Auditorium League serves a useful purpose. It presents programs in the auditorium, taking entire charge of everything connected with the presentation of the programs. Some of the programs presented by the league last vear were O'Henry, Constitutional, Christmas, Abraham Lincoln, current events, French, and Mother's Day, The Emerson-Froebel debate, and the declamatory contest with Froebel, the short-story contest, and the contest in writing and delivering original orations were conducted by this new league.

The Auditorium League did all and more than was expected of it. One of the greatest things accomplished by it was to place on programs students who were not being trained in like manner by academic teachers. A number of students were thus developed and trained in a way invaluable to them. -By William T. Phillips,

Organization Editor.

## BOOSTER'S CLUB



HE Boosters' Club, the first organization of its kind in the school, was born in the fall of 1919. When the Student Council met in regular session last fall, the president appointed a committee of leading students in the high school to take

charge of the formation of the new club. The committee was composed of Edward Wilson, chairman, Maurice Friedman, Mary O'Hara, Glenn Rearick,

George Dunleavy, and Principal Spaulding.

The club was thrown open to membership for both

grade and high school students and the charter members made a lengthy list. Membership for charter members was closed in January, 1920. Pins were purchased to be worn by the members, but these proved unsatisfactory and plans were made for securing a pin of better grade.

The club was intended, as indicated by its name, to "boost" everything that took place in the school, and it came out strong in "boosting" for all contests, athletic and ora--By William T. Phillips, torical.

Organization Editor.



EMERSON AUDITORIUM LEAGUE



EMERSON DEBATERS



ORATORICAL CONTESTANTS

# THE CLASSICAL CLUB



OSSUNT quia posse videntur."

The Junior Latin class claims the honor of reviving the interest in the old Emerson Classical Club, but the sophomore classes, by their loyal support, have helped in carrying out suc-

cessfully the purpose of it—to further our interest in classical studies and to have an enjoyable time in so doing.

It was on January 7 that representatives of each of the organization. On January 21, at a meeting at Jefferson School, the adoption of a constitution marked the real beginning of the Classical Club. At the next meeting, at Emerson, officers were elected and the following were inaugurated: President, Clara Hogan; vice-president, Eleanor Best; secretary, Elizabeth Putnam; treasurer, Harry Steiner; chairman of the program committee, Dorothy Greenwald; chairman of the entertainment committee,

At the seven meetings which have been held from time to time, new members have been initiated until the membership is now about sixty. The members have taken an active interest in the work. The programs usually consisted of reports on Roman life and customs, such as Cato's Speech on Woman Suffrage, Delivered in the Roman Senate, the description of a Roman house, stories of Roman poets, famous quotations, and Latin songs. One of the most enjoyable meetings was held at the home of Hermine Alschuler on April 30. Dancing was usually the diversion after the program and business. A beach party and a dance are being planned as the final social activities of the club.

Thus we thought we could—and we did—make the Classical Club of Emerson a success, so that the motto, "They can because they think they can," was truly applied.

-Clara Hogan, '20.



CLASSICAL CLUB



EMERSON BAND



Ninety-seven



DEPARTMENT OF MECHANICAL DRAWING

# THE MATHEMATICS CLUB



HIS year a Mathematics Club, the first of its kind at Emerson, was formed under the supervision of Miss Kinnard. The club was formally organized and named the M. M. M. or the M3 Club. The officers of the club were Glenn Rearick, president; Roswell Johnson, treasurer; and Martha Hammond, secretary. Several of the meetings were devoted to the study of Mars, of simple astronomy, and of the fourth dimension. Other meetings were purely social and were greatly enjoyed by all the members.

-Martha Hammond, '20, Secretary.





MATHEMATICS CLUB

### THE SENIOR ENGLISH CLUB



HE distinctive, new feature of Emerson School life this year is the Senior English Club. When Miss Brownfield announced last semester that the class would be made into a self-governing club, the plan was looked upon by many as a

highly idealistic one. Could a body of students govern themselves in a manner in keeping with the rest of the school and at the same time do justice to their lessons? By the end of the semester, however, Miss Brownfield's plan was vindicated: the club was a success.

The purposes of the club are to place responsibility upon each member; to instruct each member in parliamentary usages; through current events to keep in touch with the vital questions of the day; to allow students to make satisfactory preparation of regular lessons and at the same time to enter into the social spirit of the club; to democratize the class.

The class officers are: president, vice-president, secretary, parliamentarian, and chairman of the program committee. It is the duty of the parliamentarian to settle any discussions or questions which arise concerning parliamentary law, while the chairman of the program committee with two other members arranges the program for each week, which is read to the class on Monday. Class officers are elected every month.

While studying argument and debate the club studied the Webster-Hayne debate, reading, explaining, and discussing the book, paragraph by paragraph. After this, the club studied Webster's Bunker Hill oration, continued their study of American Literature from Revolutionary times to the present, studying and discussing at length Emerson's "Self-Reliance". Besides classroom work the class gave a party, a class play, and entered into two inter-scholastic debates. The teacher, in the organization, acts as a critic and adviser, exercising only the power to veto, etc. All students address the chair on giving recitations. Every day the teacher gives a report on the errors of the previous day.

But still there are skeptics who will ask, "Does a selfgoverning class succeed from a scholastic standpoint?"

Yes, the Senior English Club is a success from all standpoints. Out of approximately 1,500 recitations there were fewer than twenty refusals to recite on grounds of unpreparedness! Out of the thirty-one members in the class not one failed last semester—an enviable record.

And now for the personal side of the club-what does it do for the individual? This is what a member told me it had done for him. He said: "First, it has made me get my lessons because I feel that it's my club. I feel a responsibility! Secondly, it has given me a love and appreciation for good literature. It has taught me how to face an audience, how to use mental strategy in debate, and how to control myself. But the greatest asset I have derived is a knowledge of parliamentary law. Do you, my friend, know how to address the chair, how to put a motion, how to interrupt a speaker, in parliamentary fashion, how to refer to a speaker, how to act in the capacity of the chairman, how to surrender the chair to speak from the floor, how to vote on a motion and an amendment, and can you tell me to what limit the power of the chairman may be carried? Does he vote? Can he arbitrarily appoint a committee? These and a thousand other things have I learned and shall keep with me!" -Sherwood Judson, '20.



SENIOR ENGLISH CLUB



MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE



PICKWICK PAPERS



MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE



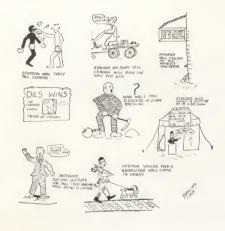
BOHEMIAN GIRL



CHRISTMAS CAROL



MINSTRELS



One hundred five



If you think these jokes are very old, And should be put on the shelf, Why, just come 'round, a few of you, And hand some in yourself.

#### Speaking of Lizzies

Caesar always crossed rivers by Fords—and then the Ford is called a modern invention?

Edward W., from Chesterton: "Say, is it only milk trains that have cow-catchers?"

#### Overheard in Latin

Miss Peters, assigning Latin lesson: "Open Caesar's appendix and find reference number 23."

Miss Peters: "All large things are masculine gender."

We must have been mistaken about Genevieve Gaynor.

#### Wow!!

Martha H., Marjorie H., and Enid H. to Dorothy Greenwald: "What's the matter, Dot, you haven't taid a word?"

Dorothy G.: "Well, I haven't had a chance."

Miss Peters: "What are the principal parts of

Miss Knickerbocker to John Bowers: "John, what three words do you use most in school?"

John (after a moment's thought): "I don't know,"

Miss K .: "Correct."

## Why Did They Laugh?

Mr. Snyder, to music class: "How do they say 'It can't be done' in Latin?"

Class (after much rattling and squeaking of brains): "We don't know. How?"

brans): "We don't know. How?"

Mr. S., scratching his acreage of baldness: "I,
why—er—I asked because I thought you knew; I
don't."

## We'll Never Tell, Claudia

Claudia I. (in Miss Lynch's room): "Gee, it's

George, reproachfully, sitting next to her: "Oh, Claudia, how can you say that?"

### Do You Get It?

Miss Peters: "Did Caesar's character ever change?"

Student: "He had more Gaul when he died than when he was born."

George D. (coming into Expression carrying chairs, one hanging around his neck):

Miss Lynch to George: "This Expression class surely is original."

George: "Sure, Miss Lynch, this is the only time I ever used my head."

## How Do They Do It?

Mr. Warrum: "Marjorie, have you an excuse for your absence yesterday?"

Marjorie, distressedly (after a few moments of hard thinking): "Oh, Mr. Warrum, I can't think of a good excuse." St. Peter: "Where are you from?"
Student: "Emerson High School."
St. Peter: "Did you subscribe to a 1920 Annual?"
Student: "Yes."
St. Peter: "Good! pass on."

#### Apple Knockers

Student: "You know most of the students here?"
Another Student: "Yes."
First: "Do you know the apple sisters?"
Second: "Can't say as I do."
First: "Do you mean to say you don't know

Mr. Snyder (to sopranos who were continually singing do): "Now, sopranos, you're not going to have do for a background, you're going to have mi."

### Clever Spongefoot

Ellen (trying to recite in Spanish) to Dagmar and Marjorie: "Will you two magpies keep still?"

Louis: "Magpies? That's them. They've got the

Alvin Wood: "I am never going riding with coach again."

Friend: "Why?"

Cora and Seedy?"

Alvin: "I was sitting with my girl and he penalized me five yards for holding."

> Dils stood 'neath the mistletoe, He hugged her and he kissed her, Now, don't be shocked, Virginia dear, The maiden was his sister.

One hundred seven

#### The Coach

We asked him how his team progressed. He said, "I do not know." But I can tell you all about The other fellow, though.

Their quarterback accepted pay Last August in St. Paul— He got a ham, as I can prove, For playing summer ball.

Their tackles both were on the team.

At Podunk for a year,

And I have gathered evidence

Conclusive, never fear.

The guards and ends, and center, too,
I learn, have all been paid
For waiting table—I've the goods,
You needn't be afraid.

The halves and fullback—let me see—

I don't remember now,
But it is safe to say that they
Are tainted, anyhow.

—Ex.

## Classification According to Classes

Ciassincation	According to Classes
Senior-	Sophomore-
Much learning,	Went skating,
Swelled head,	Tis said,
Brain fever-	Ice hit him-
He's dead.	He's dead.
Junior-	Freshman-
False fair one,	Milk famine,
Hope fled,	Not fed,
Heart broken-	Starvation-
He's dead	He's dead.

## A Twentieth Century Class in Science

"We are considering the oneumograstric nerve in the lesson today," opened Prof. Grubbs. "It extends along the inferior maxillary and is continuous to the whichit barely removed from the whatsit-Johnson, I'm sorry we're keeping you awake-and has two or three major functions-Stimson, don't punch holes in the window pane with your pencil. Pencils cost money, and you are annoying Johnson, who is trying to go to sleep. A slight pressure on the proper part of this nerve will cause the victim to lose consciousness-of course, if you'd rather discuss the Iunior Prom, Rappeport, I'll let you have the floor-I repeat, if this nerve is struck violently, the effect is very much like that of an anesthetic. The secret of the pneumogastric nerve is not known except to a very few. I'll be finished in a minute, Mr. Dunleavy, then you can practice your football formations without interruption. Now, Mr. Greenberg, will you tell the class what the pneumogastric nerve is?"

"The pneumograstic nerve is a nerve in the jaw which won't stand being pounded. If it is walloped, its owner kisses the sawdust—good night—good luck —good-bye—"

"Correct, if inelegantly phrased. Class is dismissed."

—Adapted.

## Embarrassing Questions

Chem. Student, taking match out of match-box:
"Mr. Warrum, did you ever make a match?"
Mr. Warrum (blushing): "Why—er—yes, once."

Teacher: "Use 'dynamite' and 'diadem" in a sentence."

Pupil: 'If a box of dynamite exploded under-

neath a man he'd diadem bit sooner 'n he orto."

One hundred eight

#### F H S Rook Catalon

E. H. S. Book Catalog	
Red Pepper Burns	Mr. Spaulding
Red Pepper's Patients	Student Body
The House of Intrigue	
Laddie	
Daddy-Long-Legs	Mr. Warrum
The Music Master	Mr. Snyder
Agriculture	Hiram Eugene Dils
Up From Slavery	R. Epaminandos Stimson
Ambition	Edwin Smith
Home Rule	Patrick L. Rappeport
Girls	Glenn Percy Rearick
Love	Roswell Romeo Johnson
Moses From An Old Mans	eDorothy Davis
Freckles	Joe Haley

### E. H. S. Philosophy

F—ierce lessons. L—ate hours.

U—nexpected company.

N—ot prepared.

K—icked out.

-Ex

\_\_\_\_

## You Tell 'Em

Miss Jacoby: "Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?"

Raymond Duff: "Well, Warren wrote 'Now and Then', Bulwer wrote 'Night and Morning', but Dickens wrote 'All the Year Around'."

# Solid Ivory

A woodpecker lit on a freshman's head, And settled down to drill, He drilled away for a half an hour, And finally broke his bill.

#### Freshman

There is a young Freshie, 'tis said,
Who consists of much mettle and head;
But his mettle, alas!
Consists only of brass,

With the three years of polish ahead.

Things That Would Cause Emerson's Downfall If Rearick got tongue-tied. If Eddie Wilson couldn't sing at mass meetings.

If R. Sibley lost his Douglas Fairbanks smile.

Famous Quotations

"Don't do dat; it makes me so mad."—L. Rappeport.

"Cut 'er out, Joe!"—A. Harkness.

"It'll come out in the wash, fellows-er-r-folks."-H. Waite.

Financial Prudence

Speaking of buying seats for a show, in Expression:

A. Harkness: "Let Claudia buy the seats."

Miss Lynch: "She'll get two or three extra."

Swede Johnson has a job as chauffeur for the Gary Const. Co., driving nails.

Emerson Poetry
I know a girl
Named Margaret Neff;
She always goes right,
So she never goes left.

Miss Kinnard: "Did you ever have Trigonometry?"
Renner Stimson: "Oh, no, pneumonia left me in
this condition."

What is it I hear above the roar
That sounds like some fiddler's tuning?
It comes up the steps from the lunch-room door,
Someone his lunch is consuming.

Bucket Harkness: "Why did you get the seats so

Hiely: "It says on the programme: 'All rights re-

He: "You say you think Eddie is getting deaf?"

ohe: "Yes."

He: "What makes you think so?"
She: "He just asked 'Who?' and the crowd yelled 'Emerson'; and he asked 'Who?' two or three times after that."

If I can skate can Cathryn Prybyl-ski? Can you?

What?

Drive a fingernail.

Fair Enough

Judson, practicing fencing with Rearick: "What's the matter now?"

Rearick: "I'm so much smaller than you, so I want to stand three paces nearer to you than you do to me."

How Simple

(Going to Valpo) Student: "Round trip, please." Agent: "Where to?" Student: "Back here, vuh nut."

Margaret Gale: "Vivisection is something used by doctors."

One hundred nine

#### Can You Imagine-

C. Isay a tennis champion?

G. Dunleavy passing up "eats"?

Mike Hanlan in Gene Dils' clothes and vice versa?

F. Wilson with Caruso's voice?

Miss Lynch admitting the Irish are wrong?

R. Johnson dancing?

R. Stimson a lady-killer?

C. Isay singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia"?

Miss Knickerbocker: "What do we have imported from Hawaii?"

Art. Rappeport: "Ukeleles."

B. Wilson, after hearing talk about sponges: "How do they get them; shoot them or stab them?"

Financially Speaking

Gladys H.: "Lend me a dime, Eddie, so I can pay you that nickel I owe you."

Feminine Wisdom

Anna M.: "I don't intend to be married until af-

Jennie C.: "I don't intend to be thirty until after

Miss Kinnard: "What are parallel lines?"

Alvin Wood: "Lines that never meet till they come together."

Mr. Warrum: "Are you prepared on a current topic?"

E. Schrader: "Yes'm."

Mr. Warrum: "What is it?" E. Schrader: "Electricity." The Annual is a great invention.
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.

Ed. Wilson: "Well, there is one advantage of having wooden legs."

Friend: "What's that?"

Eddie: "You can keep your socks up with thumbtacks."

Two men fought a duel. One man was named Shott, and the other Nott. Some said Nott was shot, others that Shott was not. Hence it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot and Shott vows that he shot Nott, which proves that either the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was not shot or Nott was shot notwithstanding. On trial it was proved that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements that Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. Apparently the shot Shott shot shot not Nott but Shott -Fv

#### A Sleeping Beauty

Miss Knickerbocker: "Ellen, where is Hawaii?" Ellen (half awake): "What?" Miss K.: "Hawaii?"

Ellen: "Oh! fine, thank you."

"What do you know—I saw a fellow who could write with his toes."

"That's nothing; Coach Brasaemle can mark time with his feet."

#### Heard in English

Dorothy D.: "Hawthorne's most famous book is 'Moses From An Old Manse'."

Miss Kinnard: "This problem was on your last 'exam' and you failed it; so I gave it to you again and you failed it."

Glenn R.: "But the constitution says a man can't be punished for the same crime twice."

Miss Newton: "It is a custom of the Indians to bury their arms and trinkets with them." (Then to small boy): "Now, what is the Indian custom?" Boy: "They bury their arms and less with them."

#### ..

- If Dale is Good, is Eleanor Best?
- If most girls like Gary, does Martha Hammond?
- If Martha is a Taylor, is Clye a Barber?
- If Catherine can play a "uke", can Ellen Strom
- If Mariorie has a Hall, does Enid Holmes?
- If Claudia likes George, does Ardath Ralph?
- If Berniece likes the boys, does Virginia Chase

If Jennie is Cole, is Alvin Wood?

## And He Got Away With It

Coach: "Scotty, you mustn't trip anyone when you play basketball."

Scotty: "I didn't trip-I just held his foot."

Geo.: "How do you serve lobsters at your res-

Clara H.: "We throw 'em out."

One hundred ten

#### In Those Golden School-Days

Freshie: "I don't think I deserve zero."

Teacher: "I don't think so either, but it is the lowest I can give."

Miss Lynch: "When did Scott write Ivanhoe?"

Jean Daisy: "Mostly in the morning, but sometimes in the afternoon."

#### Tactless

Mr. Zivney to K. Witwer: "Sit still now and forget yourself. Think about something pleasant."

#### Good Intentions

Ed. Wilson: "I have an awful time trying to remember names."

Geo, D.: "I do, too, and so I always ask if it's

spelled with an 'e' or an 'i'."

Ed.: "Yes, I tried that, too. I was introduced to a 'peach' and later when I asked her if she spelled her name with an 'e' or an 'i', she refused to speak to me. I found out later that her name was Hill."

#### Small Returns

"Her father declares that the day she marries that football player she will lose a million dollars." "And get only a quarter-back?"

#### Topics in Brief

Education:

Aspiration, mystification, examination, four years' duration, anticipation, hard occupation, short vacation, no cessation, expectation, conditionalization, passification—then salvation, realization, gratification in sweet graduation.

—Ex.







